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Teleglobe
Canada

FEBRUARY 11, 1980

VOL. 93 NO. 6



A middle-aged TV baby

Politicians consult him, high society takes him and Stanley Mac Lane looks after him. Bill Peter Sellers, in his new movie *Bury Your Dead*, just wants to cultivate his garden. **Page 52**



The man and the kid

Not often does an athlete come along who is separated from his rivals by an unbridgeable gap of talent. Conde Howe was and is one. Wayne Gretzky may be another. **Page 29**



The Nursing of America

After years of debate and
prewar for the Vietnam dead
the mood of the U.S. has
simply shifted. Their policies
shaped by recent events
Yanks are up in arms. **Page 22**



may have given Canada a one-letter, a new code name: "Jollyass Ivan." And Canada had a rare new hero in Air Commodore Kenneth Taylor, the man who masterminded the cloak-and-dagger scheme to get them safely home.

Propping up ZL

As U.S. Military Security Advisor Zbignew Brzezinski flew to Islamabad to meet General Zia with aid, many Pakistanis worried how the aid would in fact be used.



COVER STORY

Before the Tehran Six—U.S. diplomats who had their own embassy after its take-over by Iranian students—finally managed to flee the country they had given Canada a one-letter, a new code name: "fortress Iran." And Canada had a rare new hero in Ambassador Kenneth Taylor, the man who masterminded the cloak-and-dagger scheme to get them safely home.

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A slick way to skin the public

By Eugene Forsey

"Privatization," I was introduced to this hideous word, and foolish and destructive idea, about a year ago. A high civil servant told a mutual friend, he would like to meet me. Flattered (what back-bench senator would not be flattered by such an accolade from a minister?), I invited him to lunch. Before we even sat down, he embarked on a monitory oration of about an hour and a half on "privatization," its wonders and its glooms.

By the time he had finished, he had left the public sector little, if anything, beyond defence, taxation and the punishment of crime. He may not have left even those (Prime, under the Old Regime, handed taxation to a farmer-general. His efficient and benevolent activities were among the causes of the French Revolution.) The torrent of words which swept over me has left me a little uncertain about some of the details. I do know that education was to become a matter of contract between parent and teacher. Like most other public services, it would be contracted out.

The orator gave me to understand that all this was the latest thing, intellectually, in both the United States and Britain. He cited what were evidently, for him, illustrious academic names. He promised to send me literature on the subject. It has never arrived. Perhaps he sensed the somewhat skeptical spirit in which I received his rhapsodies. Or perhaps the papers are still in transit by that post office service so artlessly symbolized by the traffic signals.

However, I have since had further light from other quarters. The London Economist's deputy editor did a series of articles on this theme, covering most of the globe except China, the Soviet Union and its client states. The quality of the articles may be judged from the assertion that the only thing wrong with China was its British system of government, which had led to the domination of the country by the trade unions. Their spirit may be judged from the author's presumption for South Africa, the creation of a black middle class, to join the white middle class in its exploitation of South African resources including, of course, its manpower.

Then James O'Brien, policy adviser to the present prime minister, was reported in *The Globe and Mail* to have made a statement setting forth what he is said to have called "neoliberalism." "A traditional conservative," we were told, "believes that no government is the best government, in the most narrow of all senses." What that last phrase may mean, I have no idea. But the rest made me sit up. By that definition a traditional conservative is simply an anarchist. This would have surprised every British Conservative leader since 1835.

Professor George Grant promptly denounced this "neoliberalism" as an imported American fad. At the time, I

went further. "The latest American socio-political-economic fad." I have since been given reason to believe that its reign in the United States is in fact already over, and that our taking it up may be just one more example of our pathetic habit of picking up the Americans' discarded old clothes and strutting around in them under the impression that we are wearing the latest Fifth Avenue creation. (Our school systems have been full of this sort of thing.) Unfortunately, however, the fad has been taken up by both the

British and Canadian Conservative parties. In Canada its most blatant, and lunatic, manifestation has been the proposal to dismantle Petro-Canada, handing over to private enterprise all its activities that make a profit and keeping for the taxpayers all the rest, at any rate until they make a profit, when, presumably, they also would be handed over to private interests.

"Neoliberalism," of which "privatization" is the first instalment, looks to me like just a fancy name for the biggest international scam ever mounted by the rich for skinning the poor. It is just a slick, high-flown synonym for something very far from "new" and much closer to the very old "Every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost," or "The good old rule, the ancient plan." That they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can!

There may be a case for handing over a particular public enterprise to the private sector. There may also be a case for handing over a particular private enterprise to the public sector. But each case should be judged on its merits, not on the basis of some high-blown general notion or academic catchword. Can such-and-such an industry be safely left to private exploitation, with or without public regulation? Or is it safe only in the hands of a public authority? Can that other industry be better run by private enterprise or public?

It was not socialist and, or abstract theories on public ownership, that led Whitney and Beak to set up Ontario Hydro, or Borden and Meghyn to nationalize three railways, or R. B. Bennett to establish the CRTC (predecessor of the CRTC), or Mackenzie King to make the Bank of Canada wholly publicly owned, or C.D. Howe to create Trans-Canada Air Lines, or Borden to advocate nationalization of the telephone industry. It was solid, practical reasons. Only solid practical reasons, not anti-socialist and or abstract theories of "free enterprise" (which often means unbridled monopoly or oligopoly), should govern public policy on what ought to be nationalized (or privatized, or monopolized) or "privatized." "Privatization" and the "neoliberalism" from which it springs should be consigned to the rubbish heap where they belong, before they rob and confuse us.

Author and essayist, retired Liberal Senator Forsey is an authority on constitutional law and Canada's labor movement.



'Privatization should be consigned to the rubbish heap'

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Aftermath of an 'A-1' evacuation

Crowds of lethal chlorine gas, 250,000 people fleeing their homes—for residents of the Toronto suburb of Mississauga, the train derailment and chemical explosion more than two months ago (Molson's, Nov. 26) came close to disaster. For emergency planners, however, the large-scale evacuation avoided a worst-case scenario.

Authorities in North America turned out to be a valuable opportunity, a chance to test a theoretical disaster plan. Even as residents began pouring out of Mississauga last Nov. 11, investigators were rushing in to watch the evacuation plan go to work. "Since then," says Staff Inspector Barry King of Peel Regional Police, the department that supervised the evacuation, "we've had almost 100 requests for information letters from Germany, from Israel."

Observers of the crisis came from the Swedish Civil Defence, Ohio and California disaster planning agencies, Emergency Planning Canada and other organizations. The California planners were particularly impressed with the transfer of 400 Mississauga Hospital patients, including 10 intensive-care cases and one child birth barely finished before the hospital was evacuated. "We'll have to revise our ideas on the speed with which hospitals can be evacuated," says a senior planner, Robert Hebertine. "It took half as long as one planning had indicated."

Location: Yves Grenier of the Montreal police rates the operation as "A-1" in speed and efficiency. However, the Montreal group was convinced that an emergency plan should designate a political authority to co-ordinate the services, rather than assign the task to representatives of one service, such as the police. "That way you avoid possible

conflict," says Grenier. "Such as a fire chief saying to the police—'Hey, we don't have to take orders from you.'"

As it happened, no such conflicts occurred during the Mississauga evacuation. In fact, the co-operation shown by the police forces, the military general and the mayor's office greatly im-

proved the evacuation. "It was a disaster and a buffer zone of 10 miles beyond that."

But despite the implied flattery, too much outside attention has its drawbacks. Handling all the groups that wanted to come, says King, would "interrupt our time. It's easier to handle 10 groups at once than single groups on 10 occasions."

So the Mississauga authorities have turned away more recent delegations, for now, and instead have made plans to attend upcoming emergency planning conferences abroad. The resulting foreign delegations will be limited to a comprehensive disaster-symposium planned for Mississauga late this summer. A seminar package is being developed which includes eight hours of color videotape, much of it unannounced, with considerable wargaming, by Peel police at the height of the emergency. "We'll be trying to convey some idea of the unexpected problems we found ourselves looking at," says King, "such as trying to evacuate an apartment building where half the people don't speak English, or having 300 media people standing around a chemical spill and seeing the wind change."

There may be a temporary misfire on emergency planners' part in Mississauga, but a different variety of investigators was set to descend on the city this week in equally volatile numbers. A judicial inquiry to probe the danger of responsibility for the accident has drawn lawyers and technical experts from Dow Chemical of Sarina, which manufactured the chlorine, the Montreal company that made the tanker that carried it, and CF Rail which shipped it, along with the companies that leased the cars and the mariners for all parties. The inquiry's findings will

be made public. The inquiry's findings will

have practical value if they find that way into provincial federal legislation on the transport of dangerous cargoes. For residents of population centres across Canada, through which such cargoes continue to rail, that would be the best result possible from the great evacuation of 1970.

Fred Haxton

All's quiet on the overseas front

When the Quebec counterpart of the Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO) passed a resolution last month demanding the "liberation of the political prisoners of Quebec," it touched off an uproar that called into question CUSO's very right to exist. It was not long before CUSO's own-ershiped parent, the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), had commissioned a report on the activities of its seemingly rebellious child. David Henry, associate director of the Ottawa-based International Development Research Centre (IDRC) and a former CUSO volunteer, came out to the rescue with a review supporting the nature of the often controversial agency's work. The report may even have been critical to CUSO's survival, according to Ian Smith, the agency's newest executive director.

But the Henry report did not save CUSO from a more than \$8.3-million slash to its requested budget of \$11.5 million. Now, another report is in the making—a \$40,000 in-depth study of all aspects of CUSO's work (IDRC's Université Canadienne Outremers) is well under way by the chartered accountants Coopers and Lybrand. Sources inside the consultants' bureau suggest CUSO is to be sold to a private company and its operations in Cambodia, re-education camps in Thailand and elsewhere, 5000 Secretary-General Yuan Shaojie does not expect any more resolutions likely to arouse the ire of CIDA, board members or what he regards as the "avertly critical Toronto-based media." "There has been a misperception of the political neo-conservatives in Quebec and we are part of that milieu," says Shaojie. Another key ingredient in the peacekeeping is goodwill, and that series is ample supply. CUSO and CIDA officials openly agree that those are not traits for the goals of international development and co-operation to be undermined by needless squabbling.

André McNicoll



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25 Hospitable Years

Dateline: Lake Placid



The town that's giving 'downhill' new meaning

By Rita Christopher

Rebaked from columns of kings and cash

In ancient Greece athletes prayed to Zeus, king of the Gods, to protect the Olympic Games and all who participated in them. Last month at Lake Placid, New York, site of the 1980 Winter Olympics, the Reverend Bernard Fell offered up his prayers for divinely inspired snow to cover the barren mountains before the games begin Feb. 13—and, lo and behold, the place got a slight powdering. In Lake Placid, at least, Fell's words pack more than the average punch. Not only is he executive director of the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee (UNOC) but before his call to the cloth he was a local police man. Despite his recent conversion to a change of the spirit, Fell still knows an alpine or two about worldly scenes. After languishing at a congressional investigation looking into charges of nepotism on the local Olympic committee, Fell cited a heavenly hand in the group's somewhat unusual financial arrangements. "We are grateful of our reputation as in the hill country," he explained. "We need our relatives. The Lord knows there are a lot of them and we are proud of it."

There's no need to tell John M. Wilkins, one of Lake Placid's most prominent businessmen, about relatives. He awarded a lucrative insurance contract for the Games to two nephews without any competitive bidding. That affinity most Wilkins has with members on the organizing committee, but as one of the town's leading landlords he still stands to make a bundle by renting

apartments to cash-happy spectators. Rod Wilkins, "I could stay asleep or go to Australia and I couldn't help but make money." That's what they call the Olympic spirit in Lake Placid, population 2,700, where dollars are changing hands at a speed that might astound even the swiftest downhill ski racer. Seasonal unemployment rates run as high as 30 per cent, an unpleasant reminder of how the town has deteriorated since its glory days as the fashionable resort that hosted the 1932 Olympics.

So it comes as no surprise that in Lake Placid the Games are viewed less as athletic competition than economic salvation. "Everyone's trying to get their share of the dollar," complained one of Fell's colleagues, clergyman William Hayes. Many local property owners already have their money safely in the bank. Lawyer Charles Walsh sold a one-acre undeveloped lot to the Australian Trade Commission for \$100,000. And home owners are retooling as much as \$50,000 for renting their houses during the month of February. To be sure, the renters are a high-powered lot including the Kings of Norway and Sweden and the city of Calgary, which will use its quarters as a base to woo members of the International Olympic Committee to the idea of granting a future winter spectacular to Western Canada.

But Lake Placid has its losers as well as its financial winners. Last winter Beverly Manning, a motel chambermaid, and her five children found their heat and hot water had been turned off despite the sub-zero weather. Landlord Wilkins wanted local tenants out to make the ramshackle building available for free-spectating Olympic visitors. Margaret Quigley, who lived above a pizza parlor on Main Street with her 38-year-old father, was given two months to vacate the apartment she had occupied for 12 years. Her landlord wanted the space for an Olympic centre.

There's living space for the athletes at the Olympic Village in Bay Brook, seven miles from Lake Placid. But despite such infamously as a dishevelled with a light system designed by the Manhattan company that has worked on such famous pleasure spots as Studio 54, his movies like *Jaws* with frequentage whistles, and an all-night restaurant, many of the competitors will far from thrilled with the village. Scheduled to become a federal medium-sized prison when the Games are over, it also features oil-like sleeping quarters separating two athletes into a 39-foot-by-39-foot cubicle, and particularly narrow windows basted by long steel bars. To satisfy both the stringent Olympic security precautions and the obvious requirements of its next life, the village is surrounded by two thick lock fences. "The village facility is the worst I have ever seen," reported a member of the Japanese Olympic Committee. And from the Swedish Olympic Committee came this verdict: "The facilities are not to say the least." The Swedes, along with the Italians, the Austrians and the East and West Germans, have all rented outside accommodations for their athletes.

Not in criticism of the village confined to the Olympic teams. Civil libertarians are far from happy with the \$35-million facility designed for possible offenders. They claim it violates the

government's own guidelines for the location of prisons, which state that prisoners be held near the major population centres from which most of them come. To shut up teen-age hoodlums several hundred miles from the urban ghettos that spawned them offends the recommendations of prison reformers. Other protesters are a group of Melachuk Indians, who claim the whole village site illegally on their ancestral homeland. They suggest the premises be turned into an environmental centre at the close of the Games.

That's a proposal that might also help to still the voices of environmentalists raised in horror at the rape of the landscape by the steel towers of the 70- and 90-metre ski jumps. Perched atop a 200-foot ridge, the twin arborets are the highest structures in New York state north of the capital, Albany, and they overshadow Hartsley as well as scenery. They hark back the small farmhouse where the body of famed 19th-century abolitionist John Brown lies aoulder in the grave.

Most Placidians, however, thank the

Rebaked new record affairs of the spirit



ski-jump towers look a great deal better than the modern art that now decorates the town. In compliance with the Olympic charter, which requires aplauds of culture to dispel the unfavorable notice that athletes are simply muscle-bound brutes, \$1.5 million has been spent constructing a range of life's noble works. This includes sculptor Phil Barlow's *Roadside II*, a collection of seven fishing shacks mounted on 150 Plyboard Pylon sleds, all nestled on the ice at the edge of Mirror Lake. These sleds are not beautiful about letting people know what they think about *Roadside II* and such other outdoor marvels as *High Peaks*, a grouping of painted steel pillars in the village park. "They stink," said 76-year-old Charles Hinn, who has lived in Lake Placid for 63 years.

An opening ceremony addresses the logistics of moving more than 10,000 people a day through a town with one traffic light are taking precedence over complaints about modern art. Cars, except for those of Olympic officials and residents, will be forbidden. Visitors will park some 10 miles away and shuttle into town and from event to event in a fleet of 400 buses. Organizers claim there are some 30,000 beds within a 25-mile radius of Lake Placid but much of the space is taken up by Olympic pandemonium, journalists, team coaches and other non-athletic spectators. Most visitors will be staying at locations two to three hours away, from Albany to Montreal, not only will spectators have to be bused to Lake Placid daily, but so will massive quantities of food, drink and other necessities.

And there are some problems that even the most determined optimist can overcome. Take the local perceptions, for instance. To the dismay of video technicians the Olympics have introduced the perception to a new class of television cable. They have already charged through 47 miles of it and their appetites are growing by the day.

Photo: AP/Wide World

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Off the rails... and down the tube

"Twenty years ago the idea of a grain pipeline would have seemed utterly fantastic." The speaker is one David Farlinger, a Manitoba futurist who is trying to build a business by seeing past words like "fantastic." "You're not going to see a pipeline tomorrow, but in 15 years or so it's not out of the question."

Farlinger's idea may hold a solution



to a serious Western Canadian problem—wheat sales lost because of a holiday railway. Last year in Manitoba alone farmers lost about \$100 million due to flooded branch lines and a shortage of boxcars. And even with an enlarged fleet of cars, the movement to market remains threatened by floods and the rising costs of energy and labor. Farlinger, chief executive officer of the Interdisciplinary Engineering Company of Winnipeg, and his colleagues recently produced a report urging western provincial governments to consider funding research into a grain pipeline. The grain would be pumped in ports at Thunder Bay, Ontario, Churchill, Manitoba, or Vancouver, possibly suspended in such mediums as alcohol or a vegetable-based oil such as rapeseed oil. On arrival the oil and grain would be separated—by filtering or centrifuging—and the medium could either be recycled into the system or could itself be exported.

Abundant and cheap hydroelectric power in Manitoba would be an obvious method of powering pumping stations,

according to Dean Gould, special projects manager with Interdisciplinary Engineering. "On top of that most of the 400 miles from Winnipeg to Thunder Bay is downhill so you wouldn't need great pressures. Gravity would help." Though the costs of building pipelines are horrendous, not all the figures are discouraging. Once in place, 50 per cent of the line's costs are fixed,

whereas by comparison, three-quarters of railway costs are subject to inflation, and pipelines entail one-eighth the freight of railways.

However, earlier Farlinger and Gould paved the path to a pipeline in strewn with roses. Says Farlinger, "Major research will have to be done into existing slurry pipelines, into the best medium for carrying grain and into the operation process at the port. We're proposing a five-phase research program which would include a half-mile prototype to test all aspects of the technology. Adds Gould: "World markets would also have to be researched. It may be that some countries don't care too much whether their grain has vegetable oil on it." (Grain pipelines have been used since 1944 to move limestone, copper concentrate, refinery tailings and other materials.)

So far, Farlinger and colleagues have had no offers from Western governments, though American producers' associations have shown interest in learning more about the idea—"Fantastic" or not.

Peter Carlyle-Gordge

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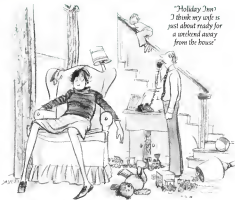


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Letters

A Mailer primer

Please convey my thanks to Barbara Amiel for her review of *The Executioner's Song* by Norman Mailer (A Publisher's Watch on Death Row, The \$6). Having read it, I am eager to read the book. Further, Amiel has raised thought-provoking and essential issues which provide her readers with a valuable context from which to approach the book. Thank you also for your instantaneous reviews generally, for not reporting exclusively on television and its magazine-related issues, and for Allan Fotheringham. I have only recently begun to subscribe to your magazine and am enjoying it thoroughly.

JACK KIRKENDALL
LENNVILLE, ONT.

History isn't bunk

I appreciated your obituary of Professor Donald Creighton (The Man of History, Jan. 1). The escape coincidence of his death on the date he was to complete his article for your magazine raises speculation that he had as great a grasp of history, he had become increasingly precious. People in general, and world leaders in particular, should attend to historians, such as Prof. Creighton, more conscientiously and guide the future from the lessons of the past. Also, while having respect and affection for the American people in many individual circumstances, I share Donald Creighton's objection to Americanization and most especially "American creeps into our language."

JON WILSON
OBERON, ONT.

The ghost of parents past

In his article *The Slaughter of the Innocents* (7), Learner LaParre referred to two types of child abuse, extreme and moderate—extreme involving actual physical abuse, and moderate representing the emotional emotional treatment of children by parents and professionals. I feel a third category, verbal abuse, representing the spiritually tortured child, should be mentioned. Through constant name-calling, swearing, put-downs and demeaning statements about the child, his faults and inadequacies, an unhappy parent can make a child feel depressed, frightened and, above all, inferior and stupid. These fostered emotional scars will haunt the child throughout his adult life.

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THE GREAT ESCAPE

By Ian Anderson

Before Ambassador Kenneth Taylor destroyed his embassy's top-secret coding and communications equipment, he sent one final cable back to Ottawa. "This is the last message from *fellow* Iran," *Persian* is German for fortress, more specifically the *Stal* fortress into which Hitler dreamed of making Germany to save it from defeat. It seemed an appropriate choice of words for Taylor and his three remaining embassy staffers who, for nearly three months, had worked under a siege of anxiety, and dreamed of Iranian students sealing their walls.

With Iran Taylor brought out of Iran six American diplomats—*baglives*. They had escaped their embassy compound Nov. 4 when Islamic students, demanding extradition of the deposed Shah of Iran, seized the 56 hostages they still hold. With Taylor's help and Canadian passports, the

Kenneth and Patricia Taylor at Ottawa press conference, and their six "houseguests" departing in Maryland from the left—Anderson, the Staffords, Schultz and the Lynnes. "The reaction was that, yes, of course we would take them in."



as fugitives "hostile" Iran, to use the secret-service jargon that is now table talk for Canadian diplomats involved in the affair. While officials on both sides of the border bailed up details of the escape, Taylor was privately praised as the renegade.

The 45-year-old Californian was mobbed by cameramen in Paris and offered the keys to the city when he changed planes in New York on his way home to Canada. His exploits became fuel for Prime Minister Joe Clark's fall-term election campaign.

External Affairs Minister Flin Macdonald wanted to welcome him back to Ottawa with a cascade of honours. Her department officials demurred. Some are fuming over the way Macdonald and Clark seem to be taking more than their fair share of the credit. "When they wanted to move the embassy to Jerusalem, they left us jettisoning the parcel," complained one.

Good diplomats try hard to be grey. But Taylor, with his style, good looks and infectious grin, is anything but grey. Some newspapers, striving for exclusivity, called him the Strain of the Principal. Others seized for dubbing the affair the Canadian Capet (a favorite in the U.S.) Senior officials in external affairs could have done as they thought the books. Neither Canada nor the U.S. wanted the affair made public in the first place. It was a Washington-based reporter for *Maclean's* *La Presse* who broke the story. Alan Pelletier, son of General Pelletier, Canada's ambassador to Tehran, said he knew about it since Dec. 10 and half his soup until the six fugitives were safe.

Pelletier was not alone. Dozens of politicians and diplomats are likely to be at the event were held to have known. Rodriguez Yaguet, a Tory organizer, said he learned through a Quebec City engineer who has international contacts. Macdonald said he had been approached at parties by people curious about the status of the "hostage-takers." In the end it was the fear of almost certain reprisals to both the hostages

Macdonald greets Taylor on return to Ottawa, left on the cocktail circuit



Taylor in Canadian embassy just days before his flight. Below: announced fleeing, as his passport is sold on a black market



and his staff should the news break that drove Taylor to electrify his charges and that drew the embassy in Tehran. Early accounts of the escape were confused and contradictory—a measure of just how few people (few or not regularly) saw the cabin passing between Taylor and Ottawa. Before Taylor returned Thursday night, senior officials were saying the hostages left Iran Sunday while the four remaining Canadians left the next day. Taylor said the hostages left Monday morning, while he and his staff left that afternoon for Copenhagen.

It was not until Friday, four days after the exit from Iran, that some details started to fall into place. At his press conference, Taylor revealed that it was not until Nov. 8, four days after the students seized the U.S. embassy, that he got a telephone call from one of the six who had escaped. With four others, the caller had found temporary shelter but found it "increasingly difficult" to remain, Taylor reported. The five fugitives were consular officers Robert Anders, Mark Lipek and Joseph Stafford and wives Cora Lipek and Kathleen Stafford, both consular assistants. The five asked Taylor for asylum in the Canadian embassy.

Taylor says he assured them a haven. He told them to call back within two days to get "directions." He called Ottawa for approval. Approval came three

Prime Minister Clark. "The reaction was that, yes, of course we would take them in," says one of the five key Canadian players. "We didn't for a minute consider what we did do otherwise." A check was made to see if any were CIA. It would have made no difference to the decision on nation, only to the danger of liability for Taylor. The check proved negative.

Two days later, a Saturday, the fugitives called back. It was getting increasingly tense, they said. They asked for a rendezvous that afternoon. They arrived by car in broad daylight. Taylor drove them back to his official residence, in a Tehran suburb, a few miles from the Canadian embassy.

It was not unusual to travel openly. "There really isn't much searching," Taylor said. Travelers to Iran report that anyone wanting to move around Iran illegally can do so with impunity. The shah's old police network is in tatters and the attitude to foreigners is warmer now that foreigners are so infrequent.

When they admitted the fugitives, neither Taylor nor his superiors in Ottawa expected they would be long-standing guests. He kept one group at his residence, explaining to his Iranian house staff that they were "friends." Another group stayed at the home of a member of the embassy staff. As the cabin flew between Taylor and Ottawa, and Ottawa and Washington, the term hostages became commonplace. The hostages made the rounds of diplomatic cocktail parties in Ottawa and Washington.

Taylor was unaware of this. He was aware, however, that as break was in sight for the 50 hostages in the U.S. embassy compound. At first he believed Iran's religious leader, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini would use an early intervention by Vance and Ahtisa to break the impasse, thereby inhibiting the U.S. to the PLO. Later he thought the hostage incident would be used to drum up support for Khomeini's constitutional referendum that made Iran's religious

leader—Khomeini—head of state.

By Nov. 22, Taylor said last week, he was beginning to believe the hostages would be set free in quite a while. That same day he got a phone call from the sixth fugitive, Henry Lee Schatz, the agricultural attaché who escaped since Schatz said he had been with Taylor's residence, which was eventually to become here for all the fugitives.

Around that time Taylor began cutting back his staff. When the houseguests arrived it stood at 17, with an equal number of Iranians working both in the embassy offices and the residence. By Jan. 18 there were just 11 in staff. Morale was so high then that people complained about being sent home. The reason was Taylor. He had got unanimous approval from his staff before taking in the Americans. Everyone knew the risks involved. "You attempt where you're outside to get it out of your mind," Taylor said. All the while he was active in helping Canadian businessmen get both themselves and their money out of the country. There was also a huge backlog of immigration applications to deal with. "Everyone here was in great admiration for Taylor," says one of the ambassador's contacts in Ottawa. "It was remarkable that he could keep going under that strain. There was the regular embassy business and he was also ferrying back cabin every day on any number of things. It's safe to say the hostages were not our major preoccupation for much of that time."

"He was really the key guy," says one of the U.S. diplomats involved in the affair. "He was in charge. His judgment was central to every aspect of the situation."

The "immature" included the condition of the 50 hostages. Taylor was able to report that they were not bored and argued, though they were confined to a small area and given only limited exercise. Taylor was also a frequent visitor to L. Bruce Laing, the U.S. church of Dallas and the ranking U.S. diplomat in the country since the ambassador had been removed. Laing was living in Iran's foreign ministry, where he had been sent to assist the embassy secretary. He had been called "Brendan" "band of spies" by the Islamic students, he has been unable to leave for Taylor's output of cables was so prodigious following the seizure that Ottawa had to send a backup "communications" to help out his regular cable operator, James O'Hanlon, who was in Newfoundland. Apparently the paradox never struck the Iranians that Canada was sending more consulars while winking down its embassy business.

Much of Taylor's cable traffic was passed to the U.S., where it became an important part of President Jimmy

Carter's briefing material. Taylor was also leader of a group of Western ambassadors trying to act as an intermediary between the U.S. and Iran.

The first real move was thrown into Taylor on Dec. 30. He received word from Ottawa that *La Presse* knew about the hostages. The news, he says, "was a bit unsettling. It did, what shall we say, encourage us to look at contingency plans with greater expediency than in the past."

Taylor saw two alternatives to escape overland or to fly out. He saw fewer problems with the airport. But while it functioned normally, flying meant changing an encounter with the revolutionary guards, who have served as a para-military group since the shah was deposed. It has not been unusual for a traveller to pass Iranian customs and then find himself facing a gun-toting, uniformed youth who wants to in-



Clark thanks Taylor: welcome back for a following that's a complex

spent his postpart, you and luggage.

It was Taylor's strategy to take the hostages out of Iran to Canadian cities. On Jan. 4, the Clark cabinet passed a secret order-in-council to issue the passports. This rare use of the royal prerogative overrode regulations that drastic passports can only be issued to Canadians. Only four of the ministers present knew what the passports were for. Clark, Macdonald, Defence Minister Allan Rock and Minister of International Trade, the minister in charge of consular aid and programs.

By mid-January, by Taylor's resolution, he had his own false passports. No one will reveal whose names were used, or if they were names of actual Canadian citizens. Iranian consular visas were reportedly provided by the U.S. There has been no official indication if they were forged or authentic. Neither Taylor nor

external affairs, nor Clark will talk about the details of the escape. Through this period the hostages presumably received the same status as Canadian citizens. Taylor has denied reports from the U.S. that trial runs were made to see if the visas would pass inspection.

The final decision to close the embassy and electrify Iran with the hostages was made sometime just prior to Jan. 18. It was a tightly guarded plan. Sources in external affairs say neither Macdonald nor Clark knew the precise details. Over the next 10 days, Taylor's staff was cut from 11 members to four.

In the same period—Taylor says "about" Jan. 18—his Australian-born wife, Patricia, received a distressing telephone call. A person with an "undeniable accent," but not Iranian, Mrs. Taylor said, told her he knew about the hostages. He demanded to speak to

Joseph at Kathleen Stafford. He hung up, frustrated. Taylor decided he wanted out. He got permission to go "by the end of January."

The staff was cut to the bare bones. With Taylor remained Roger Lipek, 32, the first secretary, Rgt. Claude Gauthier, the last of the six military policemen assigned to the embassy, and Maria O'Hanlon, the "communications" officer. The Iranian staff was cut to four. No Loriey left more than a few hours as they shut down the embassy. Benetive films had to be destroyed. Lens sensitive films were locked away. Left behind were staff cars and about 30 homes and apartments, which the embassy would own. The Iranian staff was told the embassy would reopen in about a week.

But it is likely to be much longer than that before *finishing* Iran is back in business.

With files from Ian Urquhart in Washington, Robert Lewis and John Jay in Ottawa, Ian Mather in London



The foreign factor

By Robert Lewis

Joe Clark acknowledged the exit of Canada's six "hewageants" as a campaign loss—"a big one"—but it was Pierre Trudeau's foreign policy speech the day the caper came to light that pointed unambiguously to the rea-

Political recovery was the theme Clark's high-flying folks pushed during a week in the international glare. Jerusalem is a dead issue now," proclaimed Bill Neville, chief of staff. Rodrigue Piquet, the Quebec campaign director, was even more direct: "We were losing the election because of one embassy [Tel

Clark avoided blatant attempts at political juggling on the embassy exit, but he exhibited no such reticence about blighting his campaign theme of "security" to menacing events in the world. In an interview with *The London Free Press*, he contended that parties which as desired "could use that delicate international situation to play the public against," particularly since there is fairly significant anti-Soviet opinion in Canada. Intended or not, that was the effect of Clark's address to 2,500 cheering Ukrainian Canadians in Toronto at the start of his week "We and our allies," he declared, "must send a clear message to Moscow and that message is: You shall go no further."

By talking up the need for secure energy supplies and promising more troops for the armed forces (1,800 over four years), Clark matched stoutly to the best of a new Cold War drum. "We can't let the West be weak," he said in Wingham, Ontario. "There should be no doubt where Canada stands on the conflict of values in the world today," he told an Ottawa rally—coincidentally staged on the night of Ambassador Ken Taylor's return to the capital, where he was met by External Affairs Minister Flora Macdonald.

Although Clark pulled up short of calling Trudeau "soft on communism," he maintained that Trudeau was at least faced on NATO commitments during his years as prime minister. The Conservative leader also suggested that Trudeau acted irresponsibly by urging Clark to lead world protest about the

AWS and now we are going to win it because of another."

That heavy breathing had to be weighed after the release of two new television polls this week, the first indication since the Iran break of whether voters are making a lasting conversion between Clark and the success in Tehran. Trudeau clearly held it would be otherwise when he responded to first accounts of the episode. "If this is true," he declared, "this is extraordinary action and all Canadians and myself applaud this brave work by external affairs officials and we commend the government for supporting it." But Trudeau still faulted Clark for "political management" instead of crisis management.

It has been a long time—the campaign waged once nuclear warheads 77 years ago—since party leaders scrambled on all fours for the right spot in the queue for international retort. But, with events in Iran and Afghanistan a top concern of citizens, there has been no choice.

Trudeau, Iranian Foreign Affairs Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh (left) and Clark, the slight traces of silver in the dark clouds

Iran take-over of the U.S. embassy. Clark biffed Trudeau on Nov. 26 about the presence of the six Americans in Canadian quarters. That very day, Trudeau said in the Commons that "it is not enough that such a tragedy should indicate its indignation over the breach of international law." Clark said last week that he was "surprised by the tone" of Trudeau's remarks and feared at the time that a student anti-Iranian riot by Canada might "draw attention to the presence of Americans under our custody." Taylor himself indirectly suggested Trudeau's view that Canada should have led public take-charging against Iran. Noting that he was "in constant touch" with some office about a possible postscript from strong to embassy—Taylor said that he would recall any "conflict between what I would propose and what Ottawa would send back."

The drama of the departure from Iran and Clark's sometimes fanned Trudeau onto the defensive—a sharp turn for a man with a healthy reputation on the world stage. At his first

campaign press conference, Trudeau attempted to explain away his conditional commendation of the embassy affair by saying, "I don't, very simply, want to be the one who spilled the beans." And he insisted that there was no reason for Clark to keep a low profile on Iran. "The issue we happen to be handling is a few refugees." Canada could have taken a stance "which would have at least shown to the members of the United States that the United States had friends. I still endorse the Clark government for not having taken the lead in that case." Ed Broadbent of the NDP was understandably less diffident: the government did not brief him—as it did Trudeau—as the reasons for closing the embassy before the story emerged, and Broadbent spent a troubled week struggling out an international quagmire (see page 22).

What, if anything, the week of international news would do for party standings on Feb. 18 was unclear. Trudeau saw the story emerged, and Broadbent went on "I would very much prefer that before the four years are out," he

said, "my party held a leadership convention and choose a successor." If Trudeau slips and they're crunched up to be, Clark has more modest expectations: "We have 18 days to go before a named majority Conservative government," he said Tuesday night. With the Liberals secure in most of Quebec's 35 seats and the Tories trailing in the early polls, analysts made Tony Maner reckon they'll be lucky just to squeak back in. If they do, Clark can join Jimmy Carter, now considerably ahead of Teddy Kennedy, in contemplating the slight traces of silver in the dark clouds cast on the world by the apocalyptic. Whatever the outcome, Clark, especially, would see the tramp of a program he offered Moscovitz at the end of his troubled tour of the world just over a year ago. "I foresee now," he said then, "the promotion of our early years in office as having their origins domestically." By last week, the most welcome news was a call from the White House to Clark's office. Would Clark, Carter's man inquired, appreciate a call from the president? ☐



see "The Conservatives began their term by making Canada a laughing-stock abroad, and our foreign policy has not recovered from it till this day."



On the bus and off the cuff

Joe Clark was restless—a natural response to the hard narrow seat of the state bus on which he had spent 2½ hours. He was only halfway through a conversation with southern Ontario last week which started in Kitchener at 8 a.m. and would end five campaign events later in Toronto at 11 p.m. After gulping off a bottle of Coke and downing a blue canister he spilled to the back of the bus where he parked on an arrival. He chafed about the campaign during the two-hour haul to Berlin.

Riding the bus, he confessed, made it "difficult to get up for a speech" and the protest was behind him at the John G. Diefenderfer Secondary School in Halton. The stadium packed his best set of French and needed to be English with a quartered bout of private conversation. No Clark allowed only he hadn't thought of giving a prime ministerial dismissal from afternoon classes. "Maybe I should have given it to them—in French."

The heart grew better on stage programs, characterized by the jokes sweeping the land in his name. "I'm sure I haven't heard from all," he says, raising the issue without prompting. Local staffers after all had been "instructing me from the front of the bus." But he felt that history was turning up during his already busy before radio show appearances. From some, he doesn't he had occasioned some early lack of enthusiasm but never to the past



Clark-Gripping the shoulder French-leave?

that I should not darken the parks at these stops." If there are doubts about leadership, they rest about Pierre Trudeau by an voters about a pep on both our buses.

A shoring that of the prime minister—compared to the likes of Trudeau, Pearson and Lester B. Pearson—has through going general grasp of the political football games played down at the grassroots. In the 1979 campaign, there was northern Manitoba's Cao Singh, recovering from open heart surgery, going down to defeat when an opponent flew into Indian villages threatening his passing New South is remembered and in this track at the race, being a bit about his about his mind. Russell, former Union National minister serving in Quebec's Eastern Townships, he evidently had something to do with the decision of his Châteaueu approval.

to retire at mid-campaign. Details? Well, he knew about it before I did.

On the larger scene, his prime minister is evidently a political liability—or he has become a very good actor. "I'm puzzled by the polls," he confesses. "But I'm not discouraged. We've got to better away. What happens to him is his loss?" "I don't think about it. Besides, I just want them [the Liberals] can get away with it." To win the Liberals will have to take 70 seats in Quebec, which I don't think they can. We're going to lose some." The Liberals would have to win 50 in Ontario, "which they won't."

The fuel for all the bus rides and the larger incident, however, is Clark's law. "It's essential about politics—I believe in it [Trudeau] had no intention of going back for more years than he claimed. We've had bad luck. We need a couple more breaks. It could go down to the wire."

Robert Lewis



A pigeon twist hawks and doves

By Susan Riley

Ned Broadbent has not disappeared. While Joe Clark enjoyed a rare outburst of public approval last week, and Pierre Trudeau flitted in a sauna with attractive Sherbrooke *Revue* reporter Carole Trepoer, Broadbent was talking reassurance in crowded meeting halls across Ontario. And while his public performances lacked drama, there was plenty of intrigue behind the scenes as Broadbent and his aides, goaded by an unusually restive media corps, tried to figure out what to say about the NDP's least-favored issue: foreign policy.

Broadbent has two good reasons for avoiding the topic, particularly in these hazy days: one is a 10-year-old party resolution calling for withdrawal from NATO and NORAD and the other is the intransigence, but persistent, notion that the NDP is soft on communism. When finally faced with a question on Afghanistan at the University of Waterloo two weeks ago, Broadbent gave enthusiastic support to U.S. President Jimmy Carter. When the headlines hit Vancouver, Ottawa and Toronto, the "solidarity forever" of some of the party's Vietnam generation and some of its

older Bertrand Russell pacifists was sorely tested. Burnaby MP Svend Robinson admitted to some concern among West Coast endorses and NDP external affairs critic Pauline Jewett publicly disavowed her leader's hawkish turn. "He wasn't only speaking for himself," said one Toronto campaign worker.

As the runnings continued, Broadbent and his aides returned to hotel back rooms. Finally, last Thursday, Broadbent read a statement which he had drafted with the help of party National Director Brian Sears—after extensive long-distance consultation with Jewett. It was an artful presentation which tried to appease the left without being too far out of step with public opinion. Broadbent and nuclear war must be avoided at all costs and, while Canada would like to achieve that through negotiation, the Soviet Union has turned its back on dialogue. Canada should push for trade sanctions against the USSR through the United Nations and pursue an "independent military and foreign" policy. If Canadian troops move to the Persian Gulf, "we'd be making that decision as an independent nation."

Broadbent then satisfied party radicals by promising a review of the NATO-NORAD policy and noted bluntly that while J. E. Wadsworth was a "committed Christian and pacifist," his NDP party was not. Broadbent ended the press conference by saying he hoped the last few weeks of the campaign would

Broadbent sleigh-rides in Grillo, dressed in a back room by a foreign affair

not be dominated by foreign affairs.

Certainly his economic message is getting a friendly hearing at home—both in Northern Ontario, where Broadbent lamented the wholesale export of raw materials that could be processed in Canada, and in Toronto's steel Empire Club, where he said Canada should keep domestic energy prices low to stimulate manufacturing. Toronto vote canvassers reported a lot of "under-the-table" at the doorsteps. And one worker suggests that the NDP's "secret weapon" might be the Canadian Labor Council's soft-sell campaign to get the labor vote through intimate factory-floor chats with workers who are feeling the economic pinch—although last year's high-octane effort to woo workers had only limited success.

Still, international tensions show no signs of fading. Broadbent started his week with a profanity when he accused Clark of playing domestic politics in closing the Tehran embassy after Clark belatedly told him the full story. Broadbent was generous in his praise of Clark's handling of the situation and rebuffed suggestions that the prime minister was exploiting the daring deed for political purposes. Genuinely, indeed, considering Clark's recent inflammatory charges that the NDP played politics "while the Soviets marched into Afghanistan." ◇

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Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.

Assiniboia: fickle farmers with a passion for potshots



By Ian Anderson

On a sunny winter's day, south of Regina, snow rims the golden wheat stubble and the fields meet a royal blue sky somewhere beyond where the eye can see. This is Highway 6. It bisects the riding of Assiniboia before slicing into Montana. "Every 30 miles along that road you run into an ex-MP," jokes Bill Knight, one of six men who have held the West's most fickle riding during the past 35 years.

Since 1955, the people of Assiniboia have tormented four leftists. The three major parties have each held the riding twice. People smile when you mention the short careers they give their political representatives. "Everyone gets a chance to serve here," says Knight, who was Assiniboia for the step in a 1973 by-election and lost it to the Liberals three years later. "It's a very democratic riding."

There is a certain logic to the way this

ridingly rural riding votes. It is best explained by Senator Hazel Angus, 56, who held it four times for the free trade (NDP) and once for the Liberals. "If the national tide is with a candidate in Assiniboia he's going to win. If the national tide is unclear, it may go to the NDP."

Of the 44 Saskatchewan ridings, it is Assiniboia that the Liberals believe they have the best chance of winning. Against Len Gustafson, 56, the Conservative incumbent, the Grits are again running Ralph Goodale, who lost to Gustafson last May. Local polls show Goodale, 36, holding a solid lead, but nobody expects the race to end with anything but the usual tight three-way finish. "In 1988, Nicholas Flood Deven was Assiniboia by one vote and thereby established a tradition," says Knight, who describes the riding as "Prairie conservatism that's not as naive as it doesn't affect it." Foreign affairs affect grain sales. Higher oil prices affect

everything to do with farms—far from rich to fuel. Higher interest rates hurt both the farmer and the small businessman. When he is on the government benches, he is often in the sitting area for Assiniboia in a sitting desk. The potshots come from all directions.

Within Assiniboia's 14,000 square miles is some of the richest land in Canada. The farmers boast it produces a quarter of Saskatchewan's wheat and 70 per cent of its electricity. It has rich coal and oil deposits. Unemployment is almost nil. There have never been so many drilling rigs working, and a new coal-fired power plant is being built at Willow Beach. Mel Barber, a General

Goodfellow, Goodale (below) seeking votes; people smile about short political careers



Motor-dealer in Weyburn, reports sales of grain trucks have tripled in the past two months despite high interest rates. No one here thinks of Saskatchewan as a bare-out province anymore. No one fears the future, but they do worry about Ottawa getting in the way of their destiny.

In this campaign, both Prime Minister Joe Clark and Pierre Trudeau are prominent in the party literature—Clark for the Liberals, Trudeau for the Tories. Pictorial evidence to the two leaders do not inspire the brecheurs their own candidates. Goodale lost 6,000 votes from his 1975 victory and 1973 defeat. Much of that was an anti-Trudeau backlash. The sentiment, Goodale believes, has dissipated. Rarely

MacKenzie, 58, a United Church minister and the NDP candidate, agrees that Trudeau has not been a factor this time. But the Goodale people are holding their breath. "If we could only keep Pierre on that St.-Désiré named as organizer after retching news of Trudeau joyriding in the Yukon."

While Goodale's supporters worry that he may be "a little bit slick for Assiniboia," no one says the same about Len Gustafson. The middle-aged farmer looks like a retired middle schooler and his name of Goodale's case at speaking. "Oh, Gus does have a few rough edges," a Rotary Club friend says with a laugh.

Gustafson wants to loose grain control laws, bring back language and get the brakes on immigration. "It's simply a pity to align us with the European Common Market rather than our trading partners to the south," he tells supporters.

Home at Macra, Gustafson grows wheat, exports some Manitoba cattle imported from France. He also moves

houses. Few expected him to beat Goodale last May, and few expect him to win again. "What they don't know is how many yards I've moved, how many houses I've bought, I've moved houses from 6 Highway to the Manitoba border. There taken in two-thirds of this riding."

While Gustafson is banking on his roots in the riding, Ralph MacKenzie has the opposite problem. MacKenzie has lived there only four years. Worse, he's from Ontario. In his understated way, MacKenzie admits the East is "perceived as being somewhat antagonistic to the dreams of Western Canada." He calls himself "a convert to the West." Despite good organization and help from Premier Allan Rockwell, MacKenzie is a long shot. "Who in this guy taking Knight's place?" asks a Weyburn businessman. "Nobody's ever heard of him."

Still, MacKenzie is expected to win the 8,000 votes that historically go New Democrat in the riding that usually supports Tommy Douglas. The big question

for the Tories and Grits is where any loose NDP support will go. Goodale expects oil prices will be the determining factor for him. But there is the view of many farmers, as expressed by Weyburn-area farmer Jay Richard. "The [NDP] exerts too much force. It has angered many people. For me it makes a difference of \$2.50 a bush. I burn eight gallons of fuel an hour."

And old resentments remain. Gustafson believes people remember when Ottawans put quotas on the oil produced around Estevan because it was cheaper at the East to import Arab oil. "These people in my constituency, some have oil wells in their backyards. They know they're being ripped off by Eastern consumers."

More present, perhaps, was the feeling of an elderly man who only revealed himself as Gordon. As he warmed himself in the Co-op department store in Weyburn, he was asked who would win Assiniboia. "You know," he replied after a long pause, "people are opposed to taxes."

A black eye for Bud the Spud

Ond McDonald has a farm-induced 3-million-plus potato patch on Prince Edward Island just ripe for the picking. McDonald's multimillion-hamburger chain doesn't even the laws, but hopes to produce millions of pounds of dehydrated potato chips for shipments to its 554 outlets in 25 overseas markets. There is a pit one catch: although P.E.I. potatoes are so famous that songs have been written about them, McDonald's says the quality must be improved. Instead farmers are currently standing a series of educational seminars. "Opportunities and challenges in growing potatoes for processing," I set up following a recent visit by British Columbia's long black french-fry exporter for the big Macs. The company of P.E.I. potatoes, including the C.M. McLean Ltd. plant near Summerside and sent down the recent McDonald's frozen-fry processing line, delivered McDonald's is inconsistent with the corporation's color and texture we require for a uniform french product."

The international restaurant chain requires 35 rat cars, each loaded with 40 tons of frozen fries. 360 days of the year to supply its 3,300 eating restaurants, excluding requirements for the more than 400 new outlets scheduled for construction in 1992. The bulk of McDonald's current potato stock comes from Idaho, but Wilford pointed out that as a live potato crop, P.E.I. is ideally located for convenient shipping of frozen fries by sea to the firm's expanding overseas operation.



McDonald's is not alone and the first potato-chip planters have had that the reputation of P.E.I. spuds. "Only" is what I would be to use as an outsider now being in Kingston point. All one here would find of over the city for P.E.I. potatoes but now Idaho are said to be good. Jack Howell, a highly respected island producer and member of the Potato Processing Council, explains that potatoes now sent for processing as frozen fries are measured by different standards than those sold as seed or for table use—currently stand 35 per cent of the market. But growers can sell for more if they change their attitude about "potato-grade" potatoes. Thus farmers are being lured about better techniques for selecting, growing and forming their cross

as well as making best use of potatoes as seed management and crop rotation methods. Says Henry Fraser, head of an important grower and author of Fraser's Potato News Letter. The potato storage link in the processing chain is the most critical. It's here when potatoes are of orange color and carbohydrate.

Ironically it has been the move to corporate or large-scale farming over the past decade that contributed to soil conservation and erosion ultimately affecting the land and regenerative capabilities. Now one of the biggest potato buyers anywhere is offering bright blue prospects providing stable growers can guarantee quality as well as mass production.

John Ramsey

Riding Profile: Assiniboia

- Voters:** 39,940, mostly agricultural, large wheat farms, ranches, oil and coal mining, mobile voters. Only two large urban centres with populations at least 16,000 each.
- Candidates:** Len Gustafson (PC)—re-elected by 1182 votes in 1979; Ralph Goodale (L); Randy MacKenzie (NDP).
- History:** 1974 (Liberal majority): Ralph Goodale by 540 votes (L); 1972 (Liberal majority): Bill Knight by 1,080 votes (NDP); 1971 (Liberalism): Bill Knight by 1,384 votes (NDP); 1968 (Trudeau majority): Albert Gault by 66 votes (L); 1965 (Trudeau majority): Lawrence Wilton by 615 votes (NDP); 1963 (Trudeau majority): Lawrence Wilton by 2,082 votes (NDP); Goodale by a hair. PC-led by high electoral votes and lost points, MacKenzie not well enough known.

the hawking of America

By David North

In California, the bellwether state where it happens first and worst, the mood that week was ugly. School kids yelled bumper stickers, while boys on Hollywood Boulevard sold buttons with simple legends: "F--- Russia" and "Ayatollah Assassinate." At college campuses like Columbia, in New York, and Berkeley, California, once hotbeds of radical student action against the Vietnam War, the hard-core few who turned out to protest President Jimmy Carter's call for negotiation were far outnumbered by the tens of thousands who admitted that they were ready to fight, albeit reluctantly in Washington, Carter himself, a born-again hard-line, was following up a State of the Union message of unqualified support for the Cold War consensus with the biggest military spending program in United States history (see box).

After seven years of détente and grieving for their Vietnam dead, Americans, exasperated by the gas lines of last summer, frustrated by their inability to punish a despised revolution for holding their countryman hostage, aghast at the ease of the Soviet takeover of Afghanistan, were back in a familiar groove. Patience stretched beyond endurance had snapped, and the protracted banks were once more in full flight.

Rarely has a great nation altered its mood and its foreign policy so radically and abruptly. In a matter of weeks, opposite discussions about the next step in co-operation with the Soviet Union had given way to the all-but-forgotten rhetoric: "For people like me who remember Stalin's attempt to take over Greece, North Korea's invasion of the South and the Berlin wall, the next couple of weeks have had a real sense of déjà vu," admitted former secretary of state Dean Rusk.

But the fact was that although many Americans would be hard-pressed to locate Afghanistan on a map, and even television newsmen reflexively mispronounced its capital as Ka-bul, instead of Kabul, the Soviet invasion of its landlocked Asian neighbor finally released the abiding suspicion of the Soviet Union that many Americans had suppressed with difficulty during the heyday of détente.

It is one of the stranger quirks of history that Americans have always ranked down the Russians as a special breed of hogymonk. The Chinese, de-



Anti-tankes sentiment in Houston (top). Carter and Brezhnev at SALT II signing in Vienna last June and anti-Vietnam war protest in Broadway in 1972. Comment appears discovered like stickers

spite the vicious Taiwan lobby in the United States in the 1950s, never had the same capacity to frustrate or to anger. "I don't know why the American seems to have an inordinate fear of the Soviet Union," says Carl Marz, co-director of the Committee on East-West



Assess, a group formed in the full flush of bilateral relations with the Soviets, "when we've fought two wars with Germany and one with Japan." Yet fear them they do. Suspicion of Marxism prevented the United States from recognizing the Soviet Union until 1933, a full 14 years after the Bolshevik revolution. And after an uneasy alliance in the Second World War, the subsequent Soviet take-over of Eastern Europe—as apparent confirmation of the

Anti-Khmer poster, a familiar groove



An allied foot in détente's door

The American need Germans less to dislike these days is the older Otto Grot. A fictional character, he has been an every-body a long time since the Iranian hostage emergency and the Afghanistan invasion as a backdrop for what is called the new American jagged. To Germany's mind, this small-town hawk is putting them into an eye-bite to eyeball comparison with the Communists (see box).

The key to Europe's cautious response to the shifting of American resolve following Afghanistan (see in Berlin, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has backed the Carter doctrine with what one London paper termed "poodle-like fervor") is simply a wish not to return to the Cold War. There is no alternative to defend. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt declined to a Soviet Jewish visitor who expressed surprise that Germany had not come out more strongly against the Kremlin. Schmidt was far from being alone. Even he averted for the chairmanship in this year's federal elections, Franz Josef Strauss, who held largely but his career as vice-chancellor, was sharply subdued the end of October. "Only an idiot would be afraid of it. The only question now is what we can achieve."

France too has watched Carter's switch from dovish to decide with laconic disgust, and when President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing flew to India for a state visit last week he contacted hermetically a worried man. The superpowers must be brought to moderation," he told Indra Gandhi.

At détente, too, was a traditional view of Russia as barbarous—set off shock waves of anti-communism that have never completely subsided. The 1930s witnessed the hysteria of the Red-baiting—the film critic, Senator Joe McCarthy, endless versions of Stalin with blood dripping from his hands, lips and dirty fingerprints. People discovered Soviet agents such as the UTR century, colonists in Salem, Massachusetts, discovered whistles. Twenty years after their execution, one of the most prominent exhibits in Pitt headquarters was still that describing the capture, conviction and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

It was against that backdrop—and the regular alarms over the various "gaps" between the Soviet Union and the United States in space weaponry and naval power, to say nothing of real ones like the Cuban missile site—that the relaxation of tensions of the Nixon-Khrushchev era was viewed by most Americans. Détente may have seemed favorable to Henry Kissinger—he, after all, learned his Russian history in Germany—but it probably never made much sense to the Americans. In a poll taken by Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire last year, when the

SALT II treaty was still before the Senate, 80 per cent of respondents did not believe the Soviets would abide by the weapons limitations it stipulated. And as former secretary of state George Ball remarked to Moscow's recently, the United States should quit using fancy French words and, in any case, détente was not much of a policy.

The American people have always been ahead of their leaders when it comes to bringing a perspective on the Soviet Union," notes Jay Kalish, U.S. ambassador in Moscow in the early 1960s, and a strong critic of détente. Indeed, as enduring as the public distrust has been the recurrent presidential notion that all it took to get along with the Kreefies was concourse amice and fair play. In the Second World War, Winston Churchill, fumed at Franklin Roosevelt's conviction that "Uncle Joe" could be handled with good humor, and Stalin at Yalta extorted concessions that made the treaty a byword for American selfishness.

President Eisenhower learned about



Schmidt (left) and Giscard d'Estaing, conferring on the way to Bonn a decade after Gorbachev

only \$9.5 billion well below one per cent of the size U.S. congressmen were quick to complain that Japan was getting a "free ride" and Defense Secretary Harold Brown asked for an increase in military spending. So far there has been no response.

Many Japanese complain that America is "bullying" Japan into supporting its new tough policies. Others, when asked about recent busy relations with Washington, shrug her shoulders and point out that the U.S. is still in the leading stages of a presidential election.

Peter Lewis in Brussels, Stephen Drenth in Tokyo

Soviet invasion through the invasion of Bhagpur, while Lyndon Johnson was decried. In 1969, by the occupation of Czechoslovakia. Bush recalls that, in a disquieting preview of the Afghan situation, the Soviet army moved the day before the BALT talks were to be announced. "Johnson was absolutely astounded," recalls Bush. "It set the talks back two years."

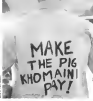
Under Brezhnev's Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, the hawk's demand was muted, but the Carter years, years of searching for further progress in the fields of strategic arms control and human rights but also of Soviet encroachment in Angola (through the Cubans), in Ethiopia and in the Arabian peninsula, close to the oil wells on which the West so heavily relies, saw a gradual crescendo of criticism. By the time the SALT II treaty was signed last summer, anxiety about the strength of the Soviet arms buildup and advances that threatened to put the Soviet strategic deterrent ahead was no longer comfortable. To stand any chance of getting the treaty through Congress, Carter was forced to recede the 54-per-cent increase in arms spending that he had set for last week's military budget.

To the critics, this "evolutionary" move was not a moment too soon. "We forgot

politics has been so indecisive that I sometimes think it's wrong to label it as a policy at all," says Yale Professor Eugene Rosow, who was deputy secretary of state in the Johnson years. "The new-line bomb [offered to the NATO allies, then withdrawn in 1978] was the worst single case," says William Bundy, editor of the respected quarterly *Foreign Affairs*.

But inevitably it was another mistake—the admission of the demand for medical treatment against the advice of Washington's Tehran embassy—that got Carter off the hook. The howling mobs harrying the U.S. hostages launched his recovery as a tide of popular anger.

If the current hawkish mood had its origins in the national psyche, it was those two events, not the congressional maneuverings over SALT II, nor the increasingly gloomy forecasts from professional military men like former NATO commander General Alexander Haig or the likes of Senators Henry Jackson and Howard Baker, which enraptured the old fans. In a few short weeks resentment at being misled about the oil deal by the Democrats and last year's war of all, by the Soviets—HAVYTO KENNEDY DRIVE JANE FONDA TO



A personal protest in California, bogymen

TRANSMITTOR NUTRITION KENNEDY had one all-embracing slogan at Chicago's O'Hare airport—bust out

There is a real sense of frontier action in American foreign policy. It isn't enough for just as much an identity—and domestic institution. Growing out of American frontier life, too, is the old saying about someone you trust, that you would "go to the wall with him." The nature of the job and what were perceived as either "freedom" to support allies or a war of all, which, in turn, irritated reaction to Afghanistan.

Then there was television. The twin crises came as a boon to a medium which, in North America at least, always regarded news as entertainment, and it played them off all they were worth. Carter himself, when the American networks were kicked out of Iran, expressed the hope that the hysteria level would be lowered sufficiently to make negotiations more likely.

In the event, the hype rarely was raised as defense industry stocks rocketed on Wall Street—the rise so far this year is 30 to 38 per cent—nor did the California blazes out a new crisis, "Grippe Risk," and the raid Los Angeles Times on articles examining the prospects of nuclear war—U.S. FOREIGNERS THE EXTREMISTS.

The main beneficiary, of course, was Carter. All but courted out last summer, the latest polls show he would defeat any Republican rival by more than 58 percentage points. "The final irony," says Lyndon B. Johnson, an ardent supporter of the treaty, "is that President Carter, who campaigned on a platform to cut defense spending in 1976, may well end up being elected in 1980 for the very policy he opposed four years ago."

Yet while it would be naive to expect Carter not to exploit this Kremlin-vent

opportunity for all that it is worth in the coming months—as Canada's Joe Clark will continue to do for the next two weeks—students of last week's military budget noted that Carter had left himself plenty of room for maneuver. He was free to announce further tough measures, if necessary, to upstage Republican Ronald Reagan on the right, or the hawkish Senate armed services committee. But any promises made for electoral success could equally well be abandoned after Carter's re-election next fall or earlier, were the mood suddenly to switch in the direction of

Senator Kennedy's new dovish line. For the moment, however, that hardly seemed a likely scenario. More in tune with the hawkish times was the scene, after Carter's State of the Union call for registration, at the University of California in Los Angeles. A protest rally had been announced and, at the appointed hour, police cars circled the campus while helicopters flanked overhead. From a window a voice called out, "Let's hear it for spartan." But there was no one there to cheer. With files from William Steink, Ian Unghart and Rita Critchley

Uncle Sam pulls up his socks

WHEN President Jimmy Carter was announcing the United States' largest ever peacetime budget last week, the U.S. defense was holding "bold new" practice procedures in Massachusetts in the peninsula that could only be described as being compared to those in which the Soviet spends money now operating in Afghanistan.

The choice of Massachusetts was quite deliberate. The Pentagon did not want to risk a repetition of last year's fiasco in Norway, when the allies where the Marines are deployed to defend watched unrelentingly as the Americans lumbered through the marsh swamps in parks and snowdrifts and their machines in the mud of the Norwegian state (the U.S. combat boots were of a type that required five or six changes of socks a day). Finally, the Norwegians concluded that their protection was "unprepared and untrained."

Last week there was only the population of Cape Cod to watch the performance—and it cheered. Some folks brought out binoculars for the troops—who were trying out new equipment, including combat helmets backed with a furry material for use in many regions (no helmets for use in a hard-frozen in the mud at night).

Events in Norway and Cape Cod to say



Marines hogged down in a mad rush. A lot of bathing rights and wind machines

nothing of note from two world powers in Brussels about the high performance of U.S. troops in the elements. European war games, paid to only one of several major units in the form of the U.S. war machine, upon which the United States itself and also its clients place so much reliance. Although in the next few years the U.S. will spend at least \$1 billion on defense, Carter is now, forced upon him by a presumed Soviet threat to world of supplies, is pure poker. "It's either like the Wizard of Oz trying to replace up a storm," said a high military official at Washington. "There's a lot of bathing rights and wind machines involved."

That may be taking criticism too far. But it illustrates the depth of skepticism among some experts and there is rising disquiet. Looking ahead, which there is to do. A CIA report of only a few days ago estimated that, for the past 10 years, the Soviets have increased American defense spending by almost 30 per cent a year on average. So while the U.S. will spend \$150 billion next year on defense, there is a further, almost at catching up to do. U.S. military officials are being openly of the weekend that even with the new program, the military industry probably cannot be converted before the end of the 1980s at best.

Part of the catching up has to do with manpower. Extended Soviet military manpower grew by more than 400,000 be-

tween 1970 and 1975 to 4.2 million while American manpower was falling from 3.1 to 2.1 million. The U.S. tries to play down the importance of numbers, but in the end it is quantity as well as quality that counts. The other part is in the field of weaponry which now extends from the massive mobile air strategic weapon to the Star Wars generation of hunter-killer satellites, particle beam weapons (which one day could make into a sea, making a hole in one level to the Anglo-Saxon coast, which could make the sky with missiles, the Trident submarines and the new A-13 tank-like aircraft at the other level.

But it is neither cost manpower nor weaponry that the United States also count on the same degree of protection as they once did—for one very good reason. In the 1950s the United States had a nuclear shield that could be fighting two big wars and one little war simultaneously. The Vietnam War proved that was unrealistic. Former defense secretary Melvin Laird, in 1969 substituted a 10-war strategy for the capability to fight the Soviet Union and a major power at the same time. Now, even with the new Soviet program that job is impossible. The Soviet U.S. would be able to concentrate on one big war.

By contrast, the Soviets are said to have a three-war strategy. This can be taken that the Kremlin seems to be able, if necessary, to fight simultaneously in Europe, the Middle East and on the Chinese frontier without being overwhelmed. William Lovell

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Props for Zia's faltering ruse

By Peter Nieswand

Pakistan's military ruler, General Zia-ul-Haq, is whose threat the fire of Islam burns, is fond of remarking. "Allah will provide." Last week, Allah seemed to have come up trumps. Zia—bathed by the people whose silence he endures with summary imprisonment and public floggings—has been transformed by the Afghan crisis from an international pariah, the steadily manufactured of a nuclear bomb, to an integral part of the West's defense against the Soviet advance.

At the weekend, as Zia was pressing President Jimmy Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, to agree to match the \$5-billion aid package that Soggy is receiving over the next two years (Zia had earlier described Carter's \$400-million offer as "peanuts"), a Western diplomat admitted: "Frankly, we thought Zia would collapse around March because of the economic crisis. But now the West will prop him up."

Zia's Muslim neighbors were also rallying to his side. Pakistan's modern capital, Islamabad, last week hosted an extraordinary meeting of foreign leaders from 35 Islamic nations (and the

rest, some of whom, like Saudi Arabia, General Zia's cousin Raza's ally) in Islamabad, were expected to provide cash to shore up Pakistan's economy and to buy arms.

The conference also had a wider significance—as a watershed in Third World attitudes to the Soviet Union. All the delegates, except for the Turks, were also members of the nonaligned movement. Many had long believed the Soviets were their friends, while the United States was the natural enemy. The Afghan intervention changed all that. The critical resolutions passed amounted to a declaration of independence from the Kremlin.

If the conference changed some of the rules of the international game, however, many Pakistanis remained depressed about their future under Zia, and the West may come to regret that its preoccupation with the Soviet threat has led it to ignore their feelings. There are many pointers that this is so.

Just after New Year's, when the Red Army had moved into Afghanistan threatening Pakistan's western frontier, and the country's aid economy, Indira Gandhi, had reneged back to power in India, making the eastern frontier also look suddenly unsafe, people in the province of Sind rebelled, in the words of one abandoned victim, "as if each soul had been burnt." It was a sign of the new, disturbed, strife-ridden times.

In Islamabad, a man was asked if the Soviet threat meant Pakistanis would ever rally round Zia. He answered with a pause. "I was once leading his heavily laden donkey along a path, when suddenly he saw bandits approaching. The man shouted to his donkey: 'Zia! run!' The donkey turned to him and said: 'Whoever is my master, I will be put to heavily laden as I am now, you ride.'"

While the main threat of Pakistan's resentment is directed at Zia, there is also deep disillusionment about the West. "This aid America is talking about is not aid to the people," a politician of one of the newly banned political parties said. "It is aid to the army junta. They will perhaps use it on the wrong people—in the Pakistanis and particularly the Baluchis."

In Western eyes, Baluchistan is the most vulnerable of Pakistan's border provinces—a wild tribal area which has



Zia: From an international pariah to an integral part of the West's defenses

hardly advanced from the Middle Ages. Yet a tribal chief said dramatically: "The West is not interested in us. The West is interested in her own over-all interests in this region. Western democracy has always propped up dictators." Saudi Arabia's Baluchis chief, "The West could help. They could bring the junta to restore democracy themselves and refuse to give aid until that happens. If not," he shrugged dismissively, "if the West props up Zia and the Russians move south, Zia will be so civil next time. Some might even be prepared to aid them."

His words underlined the West's dilemma. Zia does not appear to know the depth of the feelings against him, or, if he does, he does not care. And the West has its hands are tied. "Who else do we deal with?" a diplomat asked. "Zia! that's there. In but we hope our aid will be looked on as aid to Pakistan, not aid to Zia."

As Islamabad flew out to try to shore up yet another gungling hole in the United States' Asian strategy—by pressuring a skeptical Gandhi that the re-arming of Pakistan was not a threat to India's vital interests—it seemed a futile hope. □

Philippines

Marcos' men steal the show

Sneaky, sly, and hanging on to the very life line a true amateur, the nervous paid supervisor was an unlikely hero. Yet his embarrassing appearance on government-controlled television was the symbolic highlight of last week's nationwide local elections in the Philippines, an event advertised by

A war-horse in greener pastures

It was French army Brigadier-General Christian de Castries who first said: "I'm going to kick General Gap's butt in, one by one." That was in April, 1969. Seven months later, General de Castries died. He died the last attack on the Dien Bien Phu headquarters of the French army, and it was the hot-tempered, central Vietnamese revolutionary who watched the French and cut their tails. Gap, his French units charged, would not and had better. But he stayed with the war, and it was with respect that hands and weapons learned that week that Vietnam's defense minister was being looked up as part of a heroic combat shake-up which marked the first move toward establishing a second generation of Communist leaders in Vietnam.

Gap, 57, landed the defense post which he had held since 1948 to be deputy and protégé, General Van Thien Dung. In addition, opponents sources said the elderly (70 years old) Foreign Minister Nguyen Duc Thinh and economic czar Li Thanh Ngy were shuffled out. Thinh and Gap were agreed, would go into full or semi retirement as a reward for long years of work for the party. Ngy, however, appeared to have been kicked out for the failure of Vietnam's two-year economic plan.



Gap, he last battles but career was

which will end a short time. The new Gap, Thinh and Ngy were reportedly replaced by "new stars": in the 50th State Secretary Nguyen Chi Thanh moved his spot on provincial committee. A police, while technocrat Nguyen Lam suc-

ceeded Ngy. But it was the general who was Vietnam's last-known Communist abroad after the legendary Ho Chi Minh revolution. Then in early 1975, Gap spent his sabbatical time in French political process. In fact, his first wife, Mrs. Thinh, died in 1974. That death, legend has it, gave Gap a kick to the French which led him in 1964 to farm the Viet Minh "line," a 44-mile-long strip of land from which, by his retirement, had grown to a tough, million-man military force.

General Gap's 50-year career, like many political and intelligence reports, "told" his sabbatical time, with culture, current, Hodgkin's disease, and bombs from a B-52. But Gap survived it. He is 57, still strong, and in 1975, he had worked for Vietnam. It was during which he was seen again that landed Saigon into his. On March 31, while Gap dictated events from Hanoi. Therefore, Gap spent more and more time, delivering rambling speeches, leading several hours, each, on the radio. Vietnam is becoming more warlike and technical.

At week's end, as Communist party members gathered in Hanoi for the 50th anniversary of the party's founding, the government remained officially silent on any new political or economic news. But it would become this party's "great old man," Vietnam, which lives to labor his harvest out in style, was unlikely to make an exception in the case of Gap.

David Allen

work it did indeed fatten the country, evading along with the highest opposition that no pretense that a free election had been held. By week's end, the government-appointed election commission was claiming that the 1978 had captured 69 of 73 provincial governorships, the bulk of mayoralty and almost all the spots on provincial committees.

The wonder was that the opposition was anything at all. Most key Marcos opponents boycotted the vote, called with only six weeks' notice, and the president had arranged disqualification for many who wanted to run. Others were mysteriously kidnapped. Anti-government groups could neither buy

nor buy services in the media, which fell of programs by Marcos. Candidates to spend on popular projects funds few believed they had. Moreover, a requirement that each voter thumbprint his ballot did little to encourage any citizens that their choice would remain secret, especially since hand-prints were visible on the ballot. In one case shooting an opposition party observer.

By the time the exercise was over, 80 were reported dead and wounded, though the toll could be called "relatively" lower compared to the 1976, 100 days when election killings often ran to several hundreds. Indeed, many Filipinos were wondering why Marcos' party had settled for less than total victory. The president was already armed with absolute decree powers and, given the wealth and overbearing legacy of national oligarchy of the 1960s, some observers felt it could have seemed a respectable victory anyway. As it was, with the moderate opposition angered and damaged, Marcos' regime was once again facing domestic and international opposition. But to judge by the trend of self-censorship in the government media, only one thing mattered: the president had had his election—and he had won.

Richard Yokoy

Marcos, with his daughter Imee (left) and Imee, a major propaganda figure



"**66** [was a awful lot like my mother," laughs Debbie Van Winkle, 22, as she slips into the matte-faced makeup and high-heeled shoes of the 1940s look she will be wearing almost nightly for the next six months. Van Winkle is part of the cast of *Miss Champagne*, a staged musical fantasy which will start in Toronto and cross the country from the Maritimes to B.C. until July. Joining Van Winkle in the travelling dressing room is Jayna Lewis, 22, and both women are looking forward to putting on the ritz, with only one snag—the seams in their stockings. Despite the fact that the invention of seamed panty hose has eliminated the problem of snarled garter belts, the personal dilemma of crooked seams promises to keep both actresses looking over their shoulders. "We bought 144 pairs of seamed panty hose," sighs co-producer **Sam Denneroff**. "Maybe we would have been better off doing what my mother did—painting on the seams with a brush."

In a "ransackable house" in Edmonton, Alberta (population, 360,000), 34-year-old **Flavia Gadge** is doing research for a book about Tudor England. It's a scathing chronicle for Gadge, whose 1975 historical novel, *Child of the Morning*, was about Egypt's first female pharaoh, **Hatshepout**. Since then, Gadge has completed another historical novel, *The Eagle and the Rose*, which deals with Roman Britain and the escapades of **Henry Quain Brudenell**, in the first century A.D. Film rights to *Child of the Morning* have been sold to Hollywood, but Gadge has a few reservations about the casting of her Egyptian heroine. "One studio suggested **Farrah Fawcett**," says Gadge, who would prefer "a younger edition of **Gamboa Boud**."

Agnore who lived in Vienna in 1908 will be pleased to know that the city's telephone directory for this year has been reprinted and copies are available through an Austrian printing firm. **Wolfgang Suppan**, vice-president of Address Suppan, says that collector **Georg Mauser Markbot** stumbled onto what he believes is the last copy of the book and thought it might be of interest to former residents. Advertising describes the phone book as "a moving social record in which you'll find political opponents on one and the same page."

Canadians are taking Broadway by storm in the most unusual way: Last week a freshly sanctified **Orpheus** took his melody of feteness fatal to **Carpenter Hall** for one night and

on Valentine's Day **Gazette Pops** and **Karen Staples** will team up with transmute cult queen **Divine** to perform their show *Divine Undercover*. In a more sedate vein, **David French's** play *After* will open in New York next fall.

Disco may be on its last legs and New Wave may be over the crest, but the hottest action right now is "ragging." One of the biggest-selling singles of the past two months is a funkied-up, 18-minute called *Repper's Delight*, which features the rhytmic outcraunch of three New Jerseyites who call themselves the **Seppahs Gang**. Over a 18-minute version of *Cher's Good Times*, the Gang raps on about everything from Kuopetate to Holiday Inn, and some radio stations have taken to blaring out certain suggestive lines. "Nothing is sacred to the Gang, which claims it 'just wants to party,'" so it comes as no surprise that they describe *Superman* as "a sucker in a blue and red suit."

Lewis and Van Winkle seamed-hose ritz

It took a lot of punishment in the face, but I'm satisfied with how I did," said 19-year-old **Linda Manchester** after her two-round fight with 16-year-old **Nazma Yarden** before 1,500 boxing fans at Vancouver's *Joe Gardens* last week. The fight was declared a draw and the two pugilists now plan to go into heavy training for a possible U.S. tour in the spring. "I'd rather box Lynda than anybody else," says Yarden, who joined forces with Manchester in January when the pair picked up a local gym which barred women. "They won the right to fight" and have now become Canada's first licensed female boxers, which they consider a big blow for women's liberation. "My place is not in the kitchen," admits Manchester. "Especially this fight was to show that you can go out and do what you want and not let these male chauvinists stop you."

Michael born **Earl Chester** may have his change his phone number. "Sometimes I get weird calls," says the 26-year-old McGill University student. The reason Chester gets the weird calls is that he has begun to promote his own t-shirt made spread in the April issue of *Playgirl* magazine. Chester is the first Canadian male to wear "nappi" and a staple in the magazine, and he wants to expose the fact as much as possible. "Everybody wants to be a star," he says of the t-shirt's acceptance. He accepted last December when *Playgirl* flew him five-foot-eight, 160-pound frame to California for an all-expenses-paid week and an afternoon on the beach with a male photographer. Next fall, it

Chester put with a 10-foot pole



Chester hopes to enter medical school, but he's toying with the idea of a film or modelling career. So far there haven't been any offers, particularly from the modelling agencies he has approached. As Chester explains it: "Once you go in the male, they don't want to touch you with a 10-foot pole."

Toronto's **Denny Greenman** is pondering plans for an all-natural modern jazz dance possibly involving the men in his eight-member company. "I have not been able to find a better venue to show the movement," he says of the "beats, Duncan kind of freedom" that dancers feel when they are tightbuds. Before leaving for a European tour, Greenman chartered the nude dance idea in Vancouver and the press immediately demanded details about plans to revivise male prostitutes, in mid-July. Though Greenman himself admits having tried practice runs in his studio, he refuses to discuss the possibilities of a

Greenman, building a better jockstrap?

better jockstrap. "I presume that if it come out and do a serious dance a certain way everyone will see what I mean," he says mysteriously.

If you putting the \$3 million away for my retirement because I only have seven to 10 years left of my career," said 20-year-old **Norm Borg** after signing a three-year contract with **Syracuse** entertainment **Ad-Ad-Ad**, who has hired the Swedish trainee to provide over a luxury sports complex near Marbella, Spain. Borg's job will involve organizing the occasional tournament, with a little coaching on the side, but primarily he will serve as a public relations man and showing card. Celebrations at the signature included a luncheon featuring lobster and wild herb washed down with champagne, followed by an evening of dancing and more champagne at *Edgemoor*. "I like the climate in Spain," signed the 20-year-old man.

Edited by **Narcissa Boulton**

Yarden and Manchester 'fight to fight'



Business

Nu-West, young man

By Suzanne Zwerin

It was an eventful summer job for Ralph Scarfield. Fresh from one year of teaching, with a pedagogical career stretching out ahead of him, he found himself filing in the summer months between for 45 cents an hour on an Alberta construction site, sweltering in the heat and building a coal chute. As the job wore on, he began to notice that the foreman never seemed to be around. So Scarfield struck a deal, one of the biggest deals he was ever to make in his life. He would do the supervising if the foreman would elevate him to official carpenter status. He never went back. Scarfield liked his new trade so well that he reduced his classroom days were over. In 1961, he stowed his carpenter's tools in the trunk of an ancient Avenger and headed to Edmonton to make his fortune in the Alberta building boom which was just then showing the faintest signs of starting.

That was 25 years ago. Late last month, Scarfield celebrated his 52nd birthday by announcing that Nu-West Development Corporation Ltd., the huge building empire over which he now presides—with assets last year of more than \$1 billion—had become so vast that he was splitting it into several units. Even 10 years ago, Nu-West con-

sidered itself almost pariah when it built and sold 615 houses. By last year that number had jumped tenfold, to 6,204 houses sold in a dozen Canadian and U.S. cities. Based on its real estate activities alone, Nu-West last year ranked as Canada's fourth-largest development company. Note the company is being re-formed as Nu-West Group Limited—The Group, for short—to handle its diverse activities, with Scarfield as the over-all head, the foreman in charge of the future. The Group is the holding company for three separate corporations, each with its own president and board of directors. Nu-West Development Corporation will handle Canadian real estate operations, Nu-West Inc. takes over the U.S. real estate, and Vancouver Petroleum Ltd. will carry on separately as the company's oil and gas arm, after last year's take-over of independent Canadian petroleum firm.

Scarfield has found his share of opportunities since 1967 when he sold his house, moved to Calgary and borrowed from the bank to buy a 25-per-cent interest in Nu-West, then a small, privately owned local house-building company. The company had a book value of \$60,000 then but its assets turned out to be largely solid houses and unpaid bills. Not normally a man for speculations, Scarfield blandly explains Nu-



Model homes, Scarfield's locale already saturated with success stories of its own.

West's subsequent success by the old axiom of "Satisfy Your Customer." "If you design well, build well, you sell well. When you please your customers, business simply tends to grow."

In fact, Scarfield's magic has been his talent for making opportunities happen through diversification at the right moment. When the company went public in 1986, Nu-West used the \$3 million raised to expand beyond Calgary into the Edmonton and Vancouver markets. Its later entry into U.S. markets—making it one of the first and most successful Canadian developers in the U.S.—has also given the company a huge boost. In fact, one of the few areas where Nu-West has been less than successful has been its attempt to break the housing market in the Toronto area, a locale already saturated with success stories of its own. Later diversification came in the form of commercial and industrial rental properties. Then, in a



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comedy and novel depicars, in the late '70s, when anti-inflation controls froze house prices and rent controls weighed in as well. No-West took a look at its slumping profits and branched into oil and gas with its \$100-million takeover of Vespene. And along the way, No-West also acquired a 49-per-cent interest in Carma Developers Ltd., a builders' co-op responsible for assembling land for its members to develop.

Scarfild's goal is to divide No-West's assets equally among oil and gas, Canadian real estate, American land and housing and commercial developments. With Vespene, he is already near his goal: oil and gas assets now account for 50 per cent of No-West's \$1,175,000,000 total assets.

Scarfild expects housing to go in new directions, too, particularly with continuing declines in housing starts. From his office window in No-West's flimsy, 300,000-square-foot headquarters in Calgary, he can look out at a rabble's warren of townhouses. "Not the best example of our housing," Scarfild admits. And not the wave of the future. Smaller families will demand—and get, from No-West—more exotic house traps: open-living spaces, areas lower in their jobs than far-flung suburbs for which Calgary is particularly notorious. ♦

Election 1980

The Six-Million-Dollar Gong Shows

From hard sell to soft soap, blurring the hockey game, next week's *Olympics* and other radio and television shows, the three national parties will have spent about \$6 million in this election campaign to air their own 30-second visions of politics compressed, angry and fearfully sin gle. It's almost impossible to tell whether they're getting their money's worth (at one-half that

bill paid by government subsidy). Walter Bonshaw, head of communications studies at the University of Windsor, doubts the ads do more than burden the memories of the concerned in the four-week ad campaign allowed by law. But because TV appeals more to emotion than logic, he adds that a potent ad attack could sway both the undecided and the committed. And Tory pollster Allan Gregg fears that swing voters aware for up to 50 per cent of all voters—more than enough to decide an election.

Gregg, whose survey soundings help shape the Tory ad strategy, explains the power of negative thinking which has ignited so many of this year's ads. It goes like this: if you don't like Pierre Trudeau (and many don't) then you should vote Tory because Tories don't like him either. Bad logic, but emotionally rendering. It runs both ways: if you're embarrassed by Joe Clark (and many are) you might leap to the man aspirator that Liberal government is good government. The upshot—a barrage of commercials comparable to Thomas Hobbes's vision of life without law: nasty, brutish and short.

Mainstreaming the Tory ad campaign, as it left spring's election, is advertising whiz-kid Peter Swain, 32-year-old boss of Media Buying Services Ltd. After helping Clark to power in May, 1978, he became the clearing agency for general government ad contracts worth perhaps \$50 million yearly. With that at risk, Swain takes of "triggering memories" of Trudeau rule again this time—and playing the public mood with the hockey metaphor of dirty-playing opponents.

Still mulling the Liberal campaign is Toronto lawyer (and former John Turner aide) Jerry Grafstein, head of party-owned Red Leaf Communications. Bornant between elections, his springs life is at the drop of the writs with top admen from such firms as Yumham and Beaman Ltd., Reynolds-Bayne & Co. Ltd. and Richmond Advertising Associates Ltd. After mocking

Clark in the early spots, Mr.'s ads then shifted to show Trudeau slouching in somebody's living room and standing in the rain at a gas station—images as earned in their way as Swain's grotesque slow-motion shots of Trudeau in the Commons.

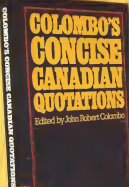
Odd man out both in style and content is the NDP's adman, Lawrence

Wolf, compressed, snappy, heartily simple.



Wolf. With General Mills and Glaxo partnerships in plugging underdogs and new brands—a sewing natural for the NDP. He stresses what admen call "passiveness," making a virtue of being different from the competition. Alone among the leaders, Ed Broadbent appears full-face, talking instead of specifying ideas—complex by ad standards—call up the screen in white type. And there is the enticement: "Maybe you're a New Democrat and don't know it" to calm anti-socialist reflexes.

Swain, Grafstein, grotesque slow-motion shots of Trudeau in the Commons



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Industry sources say sales of party commercials on both Canadiana networks are nearly double those of the last campaign. Favorable spots are the American networks, at about \$5,000 for 30 seconds. "Buyers Canadiana is certainly not the least of this campaign," says Karl Stevens of CBC-TV sales. Every outlet—even CBC Radio, which normally has no commercials at all—is required by federal regulation to make commercial time available to each of the official parties in prime-time slots based on a complex formula taking into account their previous Commons standing and their share of the vote in the previous election. They pay for the privilege at the standard ad rate. Acting as a slush-fund winter electronics, all parties have shifted the bulk of their business in this election from loud studios to the mass-Canada networks in order to catch high-rating shows. Outlays look enormous: more than \$5 million each by the Tories and Greens and about \$3 million by the NDP. But so are the returns. The leading brand, after all, forms the next government.

John Hay

Birds outside the gilded cage

They had come to confront the president. Most of them—about half the 68 Royal Bank employees from an striking branch in Quebec's Saguenay region—had never before seen their employer's headquarters in the shiny Montreal cruciform of Place Ville Marie, and now the executive office security guards were telling them they were trespassing. In fact, the Montreal police told them outright to leave. There was nothing to do but get back on the buses and go home, empty-handed and angry.

Unions have been trespassing symbolically on once-unconquered chartered bank territory in Canada since 1977, when a landmark federal labor relations decision permitted employees to organize through a branch, opening the door to widespread unionization. Yet three years later, in spite of a major push by national and provincial unions to press their advantage, only 47 of Canada's 1,000 bank offices have collective bargaining units. Still, daylight unions prosper. Late last year, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce fought a union complaint on behalf of the Big Three (the Commerce, the Royal and the Bank of Montreal) and was ordered by the Canada Labor Board to withdraw its case. The arbitrator ruled in favor of the unionists—both "blatant and blundering" and "sophisticated and subtle"—of pro-union clerks and tellers. Commerce President Donald Fullerton was even compelled to go out



Picketing the Royal: empty-handed angry

stey further to sign an apology to his 30,000 employees. Shortly afterward, a threat orchestrated nationally by the Canadian Labor Congress to withdraw all union accounts from the Commerce pushed the bank to settle with a Winnipeg local on a key union demand—the bank funds, a system which allows the bankers to deduct union dues from union and nonunion employees alike.

With the taming of the Commerce, now it's the Royal's turn. Although the Saguenay strike—one of the few bank strikes in Canadian history—has been going on since last September, with all six affected branches kept open by supervisors from Montreal, this walkout is turning out to be particularly tricky. Following the CIO lead, the Royal has offered the bank to striking employees, but the tellers don't want it—they want closed shops, a stronger form of union security that requires all employees in the bargaining unit to be union members. "We need this kind of security if we're going to protect our members," union organizer Jean-Paul Lapointe claims. "It's just too easy for a bank to kill a local union by transferring tellers between branches." This tougher union stance appears to be gaining momentum; federally appointed conciliators studying talks at two other banks in the region, branches of the B of M and the National Bank, have backed union demands for closed shops there.

Needy, oddly enough in a strike involving people who handle the staff all day, is not a major issue in the Sa-

guenay dispute, nor anywhere else (Tellers on average earn about \$11,000 per year.) Settlements at the 46-odd locals with contracts have run about nine per cent and the banks have been quick to assure that nonunion employees receive the same monetary gain. Otherwise, the wage-strike improvements wrong from the Royal in the four union-organized branches in the Maritimes have been constructively guaranteed 15-month tuition breaks and recourse to a grievance procedure independent of the bank's internal sympathetic shoddies.

In Quebec, part of the "problem" may be over-all union solidarity. Glenn Page, the bank's Quebec public relations manager, says the region has earned a reputation for its high level of unionization—half the population of the towns affected—and there is no question that Saguenay labor is solidly behind their tellers. With good reason: the outplacement of Alain Alesandri, a local union leader, as a result of his work as a bank worker as a result of another union man. "We'd be lousy if we said we haven't lost accounts in their boycott campaign," Page concedes. Mediation efforts, initiated late last month, seemed to be going nowhere, and the next stage in the process—direct intervention by the federal labor minister—now appears to lie little while after the election. A quick settlement? "We're not banking on it," muses Lapointe.

Larry Black

Sports

The kid that could, and the man who has

By Hel Guim

Like most birthday parties for 18-year-olds, cameras clicked and at least one of the envelopes held out to him. But Wayne Gretzky's party last year was held at centre ice at the Edmonton Coliseum, the pictures were for newspapers, and the envelope held \$5 million. Before he had finished his first legal drink, the once and future "Great Gretzky" had signed his second million-dollar-plus contract to ply his trade. It was the longest ever given a professional athlete in North America, and tied Gretzky to the Edmonton Oilers for 21 years—until 1999. Gretzky arrives

that it does give him "a certain sense of security." This week, 18 years and 39 days old, Gretzky plays in his first National Hockey League All-Star game, trading only Guy Lafleur and Marcel Dionne in the scoring race.

There's another fellow who was tugged for greatness at 18. He didn't get quite the same initial reception, but then again the Second World War had just recently ended, there were just six

Gretzky has been heralded as "the next Bobby Orr, Bobby Hall, Gordie Howe, etc." almost from the time he leapt on his first pair of skates at age 8 on a backyard rink in Brantford, Ontario. He dinked the 10-year-olds when he was 6, scored 328 goals in 78 games at 11, moved on to Toronto-area competition and threatened howls at 14, netted Ontario Major Junior A rookie scoring record of 183 points at 16, and jumped to the now-defunct World Hockey Association, signing for \$1.75 million, at 17. "Before I signed that contract, the most money I ever had of my own was \$250."

"When Gordie Howe came into the NHL," former league president Clarence



Gretzky (left) and Howe: one for the first time, the other at Number 22 and counting

seems in the 1911 and million-dollar salaries sounded dreadfully low. After a year in the hockey backwater of Omaha, Nebraska, the kid from Placentia, Saskatchewan, Gordie Howe, made it in the big leagues. It took him three years to make the All-Star team, but this week, along with Gretzky, he dinked the starred sweater for the 22nd time—at age 54.

Campbell has said, "Hockey was a Canadian game." He converted it into a North American game." Howe began doing that in 1946, 15 years before Gretzky was born. His beginning was not auspicious, but held pertinent for the ensuing decades. After seasons of scoring seven, 48 and 12 goals, the following year Howe started to dominate his sport as no other athlete has ever done. For the next 20 consecutive years, Howe finished in the top five of NHL scorers.



BRUCE W. HARRIS

The first Hines drove were not ones of convoluted contracts and player agents. "I used to say to Jack Adams [Detroit Red Wings general manager], 'If I'm supposed to be the best player in the league, then pay me accordingly,'" says Hines. "And I'd say 'How' and I'd win it. Only later did I find out that three players in the Detroit organization itself were getting paid more than I was."

Some cynics say they were either born too soon or too late, not Gretzky. As he approached maturity (in 1983, looking around the arena was feeling its oats and plucked him from the "underage" on-ice. Too young even to sign a WHA pact, he asked a "personal services contract" and shipped out to Indianapolis before quickly landing in Edmonton, his services bought by Peter Pocklington. "I don't think of the \$5 million as an investment," says Pocklington, "but it's gone up about tenfold."

Due almost entirely to his obstinate longevity, the WHA also came to Hines. "I don't have a dream to play with my sons, Mark and Marty, but I retired in 1979 because the odds against them being drafted by the same team were enormous. But look, when Houston of the WHA took them a couple of years later, I think my fate is again." The Red Wings that was called "Power" was now "Gems" as the arena had collected 361 points in his first three WHA seasons. Now that Hines is seven years out of retirement (Don Blackburn, his coach at Hartford, says of the man with 234 more goals than Black Angus has cows run, "No statistic has ever come close to what he's done. It may be 30 years before his impact on the game is fully realized.")

It has been kind of fun for young Gretzky too. Wheeling his Landco Camaro, Mark VI through the snow-swept streets of Edmonton, he muses, "When I guess the master plan worked. When I was a kid, my father told me that if I didn't want to go to work every morning at seven and go to work, then I better become a hockey player." With 28 goals and 55 assists in his first 50 WHA games, it's all working out.

And as the All-Stars settled up at the Joe Louis Sports Arena (see box) this week. One was Number 3, a symbol of mystery spawning five decades ("How many All-Star games is this now?" Heck, I thought they'd choose with their heads, not their hearts, but if they're crazy enough to want me, I'll be there"). And another was Number 80, symbolic perhaps of the inflationary times or potential ("Ah, I wear it to make me look bigger"). For Gretzky, his first WHA All-Star game is very special. "I guess every Canadian kid playing ball hockey dreams of playing in this game. I remember watching Gordie Howe on TV

about 10 years ago, and thinking it would be great to meet him one day. Then I got to play with him in the WHA All-Star game. That was the greatest thing I've ever done, and probably the greatest thing I'll ever have. I'm one of the lucky ones. This week they're on opposing sides, but I have memories

They raised the old barn's roof

Nobody says it's easy to be a Detroit Red Wings fan. They haven't lost a since Gordie Howe, Joe Louis, and Lindsay Terry Sawchuk and Alex Delvecchio raised the roof of Olympia Stadium during the last year of the game. Those days are gone. The Wings can't win much against, Gordie Howe is playing for the visitors and the Olympia, beloved 53-year-old barn is no longer home.

With torn-again leather, Detroit's Renaissance City, poured 10,000 cubic yards of concrete and \$26.5 million of public funds into a huge new six-story arena for the Red Wings. Situated on the banks of the Detroit River the Joe Louis Sports Arena, the site of this week's WHA All-Star game, is being promoted as the largest new arena in the U.S. Capacity seating for hockey exceeds 19,000, and that doesn't include 61 luxury penthouses (with built-in closed-circuit color TV and wheelchair availability).

But the unofficial reason for the official opening was a chorus of boos in last year's



the countdown to the grand opening approached the city's newest structure was called an "inhibition to disaster" by J.L. [John] Paul of Ottawa, correspondent on international authority on arena construction. Paul's severity criticized what he said were hazardous interior stairs, lack of sufficient emergency exits and particularly, interior banks of steep concrete steps, calling them "the worst I've ever seen for a public assembly facility." In a supportive column from across the river, Editor Star Publisher Gordon Sulick, Italy stated that "the Joe Louis Arena is a place for good, clean, hard, Canadian. It's the greatest looking arena I have been in."

Although the structure was designed to provide every spectator with sight lines unobstructed by seats, some have claimed they were obstructed by the heads in front of them. Others resented the privacy of the Olympia, which had been one of the smallest stadiums in the league.

It may not be easy to be a hockey fan in Detroit but it always had been. Inmates of the Olympia, with a lot of aggressive heckling and jeering cutting through the smoky atmosphere. Local fans took pride in being part of the show, taking outposts onto the ice to celebrate success in Stanley Cup playoffs, boisterously cheering their goals with shouts or condensing their whistled garbage and insults according to merit. But what remains to be seen is whether the sparkling new structure on the Detroit River will inspire the same kind of high jinks. It looks promising. After the Wings lost that scoring game, sawchuk had the good grace to shrivel the price by taking a hit onto the ice. But then again, it was a plastic one. **Judy Gerstel**

The Olympia (left) and the Joe Louis Sports Arena: no place for Canadians.

Behavior

The death-defying herd instinct



When Henry Kiss stepped from the sidewalk at New York's 8th Avenue and 74th Street on warm and clear September evening in 1980, he started a quiet little revolution in safety circles. An electric tumbler struck the 55-year-old real estate salesman, crushing his skull and chest, and granting him a kind of immortality as the first pedestrian victim of the car in North America. His death prompted New Yorkers to mount the first campaign to protect walkers against the charismatic message, a campaign that has pitted itself against metal with different success ever since.

Surprisingly, it is the "carnage" that is least often to blame for what The Voice of Pedestrians, the official publication of the International Federation of Pedestrians in The Hague, calls a modern epidemic of pedestrian casualties. In fact, safety officials estimate that 80 per cent of car/pedestrian accidents are caused by pedestrians themselves. "We know how to protect them," says Sam Cline, Metropolitan Toronto commissioner of roads and traffic, "but they won't do what's good for them." Ignoring what's good for them led to 57 deaths and 3,800 injuries suffered by Toronto pedestrians last year, a 13-per-



Pedestrians dodge traffic on Ontario Street, Cato, an unpredictable trend.

cent increase over 1978. "Pedestrians are a peculiar, unpredictable breed of people. I've been studying them for 36 years and I'm still baffled by their mentality."

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The Road Research Laboratory is in London, England, by researchers who monitored crossings at a treacherous intersection. When overpass and underpass routes were extended, fewer pedestrians in spend 30 extra seconds' travelling time, almost all those the more hazardous surface crossing. In unregulated traffic, most pedestrians wait until there is a gap of four or five seconds between cars before making a move, says Cass. "But 40 seconds is the absolute limit of a pedestrian's patience. Once he has waited that long, he'll dash out into traffic, even though there's only a two- or three-second gap between cars. And that's when accidents happen."

The blind instinct is another behavioral idiosyncrasy that lands many pedestrians in the hospital or morgue. "Collectively, they'll take risks they wouldn't dream of taking on their own," says Cass. They'll defy stop signs and traffic signals and burp into a stream of moving traffic. Still, others fall prey to the "magical belief syndrome," a blind faith in the ability of traffic signals and signs to protect them against all evil. So prevalent is the belief that one safety educator tells his classes: "All a person's got to know is that power is on and the bulb is working."

Two groups of pedestrians at greatest risk are children under the age of 14 and the elderly. Young children have limited vision. "If you get down on your knees and look around, you'll understand what vision," says Cass. Children also can't accurately estimate the speed of cars or judge which direction the sound of a horn is coming from. Some in the over-65 group suffer diminished vision, hearing, mobility and reaction time, which is why the elderly account for 30 per cent of pedestrian accidents but only 10 per cent of Toronto's population.

The odd statistics are part of the reason volunteers with the Metro Safety Council have embarked on a campaign to try to reduce pedestrian accidents among senior citizens. Last year they presented to 143 senior citizens' groups. And last month the council focused discussions on the two most vulnerable groups at its annual meeting.

But just as serious as any physical handicap is the attitude of many toward traffic, says Cass. "They feel they have an unchallenged right to navigate freely across the street." One dark winter night a 73-year-old Toronto woman, dressed in black, ignored a well-lit, illuminated crosswalk and crossed the street some 20 feet away, where she was struck by a car. At the inquest her son explained, "She was a strong-willed woman and nobody was going to tell her where she was going to cross the street."

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Conducted by Pierre Boulez
(Deutsche Grammophon 4 discs)

Finally. For years, Athos Berg's widow had suppressed all attempts by others to complete *Lulu*, the third act of which was left unfinished but in a draft form. Last year in Paris the complete work was premiered and now it has been stunningly transferred to disc. *Lulu* is the ultimate obscure object of desire, her gift her sexuality, rough as an uncut diamond with a cold, glittering allure. Her amorality brings out what has been repressed in others, all—a professor, a pastor, a composer, a lesbian countess, a schoolboy—all at the feet of this black angel and are destroyed. Canada's Teresa Stratas sings the classically ruthless part of *Lulu* triumphantly—a sensual, complex, musical-dramatic performance second to none. Under Pierre Boulez's scrutiny Berg's ravishing, then tendentious, brings eroticism to music.

WORD: DON CARLOS
Conducted by Herbert von Karajan
(Angel 4 discs)

As he becomes older, superstar conductor von Karajan, 71, becomes more desperate—desperate to edge closer to the mysteries in music, to unravel as many as he can before time runs out. There are few persons so touching. In Verdi's carous of hapless passions, intrigues, vengeance and dread set during the Spanish Inquisition, all the dynamic tensions are stretched until they are ready to snap. Don Carlos has never been as urgent—or as sensual. It's as though we never really heard the opera before. The cast—José Carreras (a rare error—a talented tenor), Mirella Freni, Piero Cappuccelli, Agnes Baltsa and Nicolai Ghazalov—superbly scale heights of hope and depths of sorrow which only music seems to be able to reach.

Lawrence O'Toole

Justice

The true north semi-free

By Eleanor Wachtel

Like apple pie, hockey violence and snow tires, human rights are something Canadians believe in—yet quite a sacred institution but certainly a taken-for-granted feature of life. A recent public opinion survey shows respondents support (86 per cent) for laws against discrimination. And, sure enough, within the past 10 years all provinces and even the federal government have established human rights commissions. With the exception of a recent Ontario case, however, there are signs that all is far from well. As a result of a rash of court decisions overturning rulings of boards of inquiry and, more recently, through quiet neglect which dulls the law's teeth, human rights seem to be backpedalling into the '80s.

"I'm certainly worried that this does not seem to be a time propitious for human rights," Walter Tarasagolsky, Canada's representative to the U.N. Human Rights Committee and member of the Canadian Human Rights Commission, says with judicious understatement. "Almost every court decision has undermined the code." Also, the most blatant judgments tend to be the most far-reaching because they come from the Supreme Court of Canada. In the past decade, not one case has been successful when argued on the grounds of equality enshrined in the Canadian Bill of Rights. When it comes to real respect, the bill has worked more as a decelerator, will power than as protection for the people.

Stella Bliss, a Vancouver secretary, recently tried to use the Bill of Rights to argue that unemployment insurance regulations sometimes penalize pregnant women. Caught between conflicting legislative, Bliss was denied regular or full benefits because she was pregnant, but special maternity benefits were also out of the question because she hadn't worked the right number of weeks. The court responded that any injustice was not created by legislation but by nature. "It wasn't discrimination by sex but by condition, and pregnant people aren't covered."



Blackburn and family break through ruling

Human rights commissions knagging cases before the Supreme Court haven't been faring much better this individually. Last year the court ruled that *The Vancouver Star's* refusal to carry a classified ad for a gay newspaper wasn't discrimination without reasonable cause. Advertising pages do not qualify as "a service... customarily available to the public," says Bill Black of the University of British Columbia's law faculty. "With the Supreme Court of Canada giving low priority to individual rights, and even lower priority to minority rights... it furthers the idea amongst minorities that 'the system' won't protect you."

There are also disturbing signs at the provincial level that codes are being undermined by court decisions. In On-

tario last year, Court of Appeal rulings overturned provincial boards of inquiry which had concluded that Gail Cummings and Debbie Pearson were discriminated against when they were refused permission to play as left-only hockey and baseball teams. In British Columbia, Alex and Nella Nelson needed to find a bigger apartment in Victoria to accommodate their nephew who was coming from Alert Bay to attend school. They were turned away from a townhouse complex because Alex is a native Indian. The human rights board of inquiry awarded damages jointly against the housing manager and her employees. But the employers, Byron Potts & Associates, appealed, arguing that they weren't responsible for what their employees did. They won.

"So if a doorman discriminates, you go after him," laments a Victoria lawyer active in human rights. "Hit the little guy, because it's almost impossible to prove that the owner, the one who could really effect changes, is liable." Because of the difficulty of pinpointing guilt, the common law tradition assumes that the employer sets the policy for his operation and holds him responsible that the B.C. Supreme Court ruled last October that in the case of a human rights code an employer does not have "vicarious liability"—he doesn't have to make sure that his workers don't discriminate.

The reversal sent the Victoria human rights board reeling. Acting director Maurice Goshulak described it as potentially "very damaging. It would affect 90 per cent of our cases. Any company could deny that it's their policy to discriminate." In January, after an agonizing wait, the B.C. labor department decided to appeal.

But, meanwhile, the other shoe had dropped. The B.C. Supreme Court ruled in December that the human rights

Newspeak: guilty until proven innocent





Nelson and wife, Mella, hand terms, work notes and photo-history videotapes

code has no leg to stand on when it comes to insurance company acts—or any other specific act, for that matter. Robert Horspink, the owner of a furniture and a trailer, had his fire insurance policy cancelled when he was charged with trafficking in marijuana. Yet at that point he had only been charged—in it innocent until proven guilty. (One insurance company official had recommended cancellation "simply on moral grounds.")

To lose fire insurance coverage would mean having to sell his property, so Horspink took his case to the Victoria human rights board. After four years of moving up and down through the courts, which first had to decide whether they could hear the case at all, the B.C. Supreme Court overturned the board of inquiry decision. The Supreme

Court didn't suggest that the insurance company hadn't discriminated. It ruled that it was allowed to because the insurance Act is wider and more specific than the human rights code, and so must take precedence.

Horspink says he is bowed but not yet ready to admit defeat and the case is being appealed. "Not that there's any monetary gain for me," he explains. "I just want them to admit they're wrong. It's not fair or just, and no matter how long it takes, it's worth it so they don't do it to other people."

Human rights advocates have considered the B.C. case in serious jeopardy ever since Court of Appeal Judge Angelo Brezza put forward an "innocent born" argument last year in allowing The Vancouver Star to reject the classified ad for a gay newspaper Brezza's view—that if a bias is honestly entertained it cannot be unreasonable—as is described by Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Brian Laskin as "discriminative of the substance" of a section of the code and "of the policy embedded in it."

The problem with the innocent born argument is that it is often the most litigated who are most passionately devoted to their beliefs. And regardless of the dangerous extrapolations of that position—Protestants horribly hate Catholics in Belfast—it puts emphasis on intent rather than impact. It is argued that looking at whether someone believed he was discriminating rather than at the results of his actions can reduce court decisions to exercises in mind-reading and Freudianism.

While human rights commissions in other provinces may seem to be doing better in the courts, one reason is that

many aren't appearing before the bench at all. Manitoba is a startling example of a province with a "progressive" code. It includes such features as protection from discrimination on the basis of family status, political belief and age. But only two boards of inquiry have been held since 1974.

The Alberta and Ontario commissions have pressed repeatedly for legislative changes to their codes (since 1976 and 1977 respectively), but have been largely ignored by government. The Alberta commission, for example, has no power to enforce the decision of a board of inquiry; it can only recommend that the attorney-general initiate an action if he refuses, the whole matter drops—and so does commission morale.

Yet one prominent sitting Ontario Court of Appeal decision has heartened human rights advocates across the country. In hearing the case of mathematician Pankaj Rana, who wanted to sue Toronto's Seneca College for racial discrimination in hiring, the court ruled in December that she could continue her action in civil court. Previously, redress was available only through the human rights commission and not in common law (except when dealing with landlords and transportation companies). This breakthrough ruling offers the potential for fuller legal protection, enabling individuals to sue independently of commissions (whose backing they otherwise require to pursue the board of inquiry route).

Another advantage of common law protection is the possibility of larger settlement awards. Money talks, and one reason Canada's human rights laws seldom rise above a whisper is paltry awards. American class action settlements often ring up in the millions of dollars.

Coverings: rings up, then withdrawn



dollars in Canada, in 1977 and 1978, the total amount awarded through orders of boards of inquiry in all jurisdictions was less than \$10,000. It is always cheaper for a company to deal with an individual complaint, covering costs of pay, for example, than to comply voluntarily.

So while Ontario's Rana decision seems well for those discouraged by inquiry reversals and the low status given human rights, it will amount the same, expensive, Band-Aid approach. Based on individual situations, it provides winners instead of winners and losers. And it doesn't get at the root of the problem. "The most damaging discrimination," explains Sholeh Day, assistant director of the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission, "comes from traditions and assumptions embedded in our institutions. While we may look neutral, we are in fact barring disabled people or excluding those of Indian ancestry or treating women in certain ways."

Last August, Saskatchewan proclaimed the strongest affirmative action legislation in the country. Special programs are under consideration to do away with what is called "systemic discrimination" against three groups. By recognizing group and class rights, the new legislation allows for actions in which a third party could, for example, file a complaint on behalf of all women employed by X. "Dealing with systemic discrimination," Tarnopolsky explains, "wouldn't put the blame on bad motives as the basis of the individual, so it's a preferable method." The federal human rights commission is also testing the ground for wider group actions, and in British Columbia's Bill Black it is a move in the right direction. "We have to choose between affirmative action programs and second class status for groups like native people."

But while what is still pretty preferable is being attempted, there is continual pressure to broaden the kinds of groups protected in existing codes. In fact, these lobbyists—the gay and the handicapped activists—sometimes seem to be the only ones concerned. Ever since lesbians changed and "liberals" got a bad name, only self-interested groups are supposed to really care about human rights.

"I think we're heading into a pretty bleak decade," observes University of Toronto law professor Mary Elberta. "If there's any inclination for employers to discriminate, they'll give it more of a vent during hard times. Everyone is getting a little bitchy. Human rights commissions will have to show some muscle. You can't persuade people to be good and kind if there's an economic incentive to discriminate." ☐



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Yes, Virginia, drinking is good for your health

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink:
God wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why—Henry Al-
drich, 17th-century British scholar

While they have often had to swagger and stagger around the wrath of God and testaments, drinkers have never had difficulty finding new reasons to pop corks and up bottoms, even if it has meant raising a glass to bad poetry. And now, although it seemed at first to have all the credibility of a pink elephant, they may have a new drinking buddy: the medical profession.

Independent medical studies over the past six years have been rapidly pushing the profession toward an open admission that it's okay to drink. Late last year, at an American Heart Association

meeting in Anaheim, California, heart specialists were all but ready for a good stiff shot themselves after being told that not only was it safe to drink moderately but that it was actually good for the heart. According to the new evidence, moderate amounts of alcohol significantly reduce the risk of heart attack and associated clogging of the blood vessels by certain kinds of cholesterol.

However, what has become good news to guilt-ridden drinkers has become a dilemma for doctors, in a country like Canada, where there are well over 600,000 problem drinkers or alcoholics and an unknown number of potential alcoholics. Do the benefits of alcohol outweigh the dangers of admitting patients outright to drink a little every day? As Dr. Terence Anderson, professor of epidemiology at the University of Toronto's faculty of medicine, told *Maclean's*: "If this was not something

with an additive or hazardous potential, we'd be shouting it from the rooftops. If it was benzene, agents that did this, who'd be hesitating?" Peter de Vries, a Toronto clinical medical writer, puts the dilemma this way: "Held in their hands, at arm's length, they've got some data which every day is looking more like a pair of dirty socks pulled out of a laundry bag full of clean medical research."

One of the studies, conducted by the giant Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in Oakland, California, examined histories of 100,000 patients and found moderate alcohol users were 30-percent less likely to suffer heart attacks than were nondrinkers. A similar study in Honolulu found that testatesters averaged 45 heart attacks per 1,000, compared to only 30 for moderate drinkers. One of the more studies, by Dr. Charles Hennekens, assistant professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School, concluded: "Daily consumption of small to moderate amounts of alcohol (either four ounces of liquor, 85 ounces of wine or 40 ounces of beer, or less) was inversely related to coronary death."

But it was not all good news. While the effects of heavy drinking on the risk of heart attack have not been studied in the same manner, excess alcohol, according to all reports, is directly toxic to the heart. Beyond moderate levels, as the drinker cruises into the lower end of some classic definitions of alcoholism—five to six drinks a day—the incidence of high blood pressure, and to a lesser extent stroke, rises with increased alcohol intake.

For the moderate drinker, though, study after study has suggested that alcohol acts as a kind of Diogenes, cleaning the pipes of fatty deposits. It promotes the blood supply of so-called "good" cholesterol (High-density lipoproteins), which are large and don't get stuck in the blood vessels, and lowers the level of harmful "bad" cholesterol (Low-density lipoproteins). It also dilates the blood vessels, making the heart's pumping job easier, and acts as a stress reliever and an anti-anxiety drug, or so Dr. Steven Benich, psychiatrist-in-chief at the Royal Ottawa Hospital puts it. "Good's transposition." Coupled with the studies is growing evidence that the free alcohol is commonly found in alcoholism is a product of malnutrition and not the alcohol itself—alcoholism tend not to eat properly.

Meanwhile, with all signs now pointing to drink being a necessary good, the medical profession doesn't want the signs up in nightclub neon. Says U of T's Dr. Anderson: "It's embarrassing from a public health point of view, but life is full of these dilemmas where a little bit is good and a lot is bad."

Carl Edgar Law

Out of sight, out of country

When Second World War Spitfire pilots found they could tolerate fragments of shattered plastic windshields deeply embedded in their eyes, medical scientists knew they were on to something. That discovery led to the first implantation. In 1968, of an artificial lens to replace the eye's own—a surgical procedure that an estimated 30,000 Canadians undergo each year following the removal of a natural lens, usually due to cataracts. Though the tiny plastic lenses offer elderly and often arthritic patients freedom from tricky contact lenses or thick and powerful glasses, bad news sometimes has a way of following good. There is increasing evidence of more frequent side effects, including blindness, which is causing eye specialists and governments to question whether the risk for some outweighs the reward for many.

So serious are the doubts that last month the Bureau of Medical Devices in Ottawa began random quality-control testing of imported lenses. And the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA), which late last year restricted use of one of the four types of lenses available,



Surprisingly unimportant: blindness a risk, Canada's wary dumping ground

is stepping up inspections of manufacturing plants and their finished products. In June the FDA seized a batch of nonsterilized and unacceptable lenses, some of which were destined for sale in Canada.

A rash of lawsuits against American manufacturers also prompted the FDA to mount a two-year study of 177,000 people who have the implanted lenses. It recently concluded that only two per cent of the 177,000 suffered complications such as glaucoma or corneal damage and only 10 patients may have lost their vision due to the surgery. But the FDA findings don't begin to reveal the

spare hazards, says Chicago eye specialist Dr. Thomas Chalkley, because the tests was an surgeon to report problems resulting from their own surgery. Last month Chalkley, who doesn't implant lenses, told an FDA public hearing the FDA has procedures alone he is treating 25 patients with complications, 16 of whom have become legally blind in one eye or both.

Ralph Nader's consumer advocacy group has also stepped into the legal and medical fray, suing the FDA and several manufacturers to force public disclosure of adverse effects on a lens-by-lens and company-by-company basis. It is unclear whether problems are due to poor selection of patients, bad lenses or bad surgery (surprisingly, the 800-member Canadian Ophthalmological Society blames the selection and surgery, maintaining that lenses are usually high-quality). But Nader's people are focusing mostly on the lenses. "We want lenses tested to trace problems back to manufacturers," says Robert Leflar, lawyer for the Washington-based Public Citizen Health Research Group. "And we want the removal immediately of unsafe or ineffective lenses. Without such protection, Canada may become the dumping ground for lenses which don't make the grade here."

Diane Francis



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Energy

The homegrown nuclear tomato

By David Folster

For decades power plants that produce energy have been literally sending most of it down the drain. Generating stations from Glass Bay, Nova Scotia, to Grand Coulee, Alberta, have burned coal and cast into lakes and rivers twice the energy they convert to electricity. No more efficient, Ontario's nuclear power plants daily have dumped about 66 per cent of their energy—hot-water energy that isn't concentrated enough to be used—into Lake

Ontario and Lake Huron. Until now. As the real energy crunch spills over the border into Canada, responses range from the pragmatic to the opportunistic. But few are more intriguing than the several fledgling attempts across the country to tap an energy supply long ignored: the vast amount of waste heat that is a byproduct of every modern energy-producing system, from oil refineries to power plants.

The possibilities for using the low-grade (low-temperature) waste heat that is dissipated in plant cooling sys-

Hopper at Grand Lake plant; electricity for the oven and fish for the table

tems range from preheating municipal water supplies, as Edmonton and Saskatoon have done to soften the water and improve effectiveness of chemicals, to a variety of projects in agriculture and aquaculture. In two ponds on the shores of New Brunswick's Grand Lake, fish are thriving in warm, clean waste water from a coal-burning electrical generating plant. At the Bruce Agri-Park in Ontario, a project is under way to see if tomatoes and cucumbers can be grown in greenhouses warmed by heat extracted from cooling water from the adjacent Bruce nuclear plant. In Saskatchewan and Alberta, TransCanada PipeLines has a plan to heat other greenhouses using waste heat from natural gas processing plants.

The biggest foray in the agricultural field is at Bruce AgriPark on the shores of Lake Huron. There, the Ontario Energy Corporation, a provincial government agency, and several private concerns, including Consumers' Gas Company and Warner Foods, have built four acres of greenhouses. On the test site oil-fired boilers produce the 40°C water needed to heat the prototype greenhouses. If they prove productive and profitable, a nine-mile pipeline will be constructed to carry waste water from the nuclear station to the site. It eventually could develop into a 350-acre operation. A smaller greenhouse test using waste heat recovered through heat exchangers is also being conducted near the plant, east of Toronto. Once sufficient heat for the greenhouses has been extracted from the cooling water, the still-warm water will be used to raise fish. And near Guelph, Ont., TransCanada is now building two experimental greenhouses to use waste heat from an oil refinery. If the idea works, enough waste energy should be available to warm 100 acres of greenhouses.

The success of experiments like these may be critical to the future of the tire greenhouse industry—a danger of being choked out of business by rising fuel prices which now account for close to 50 per cent of greenhouse operating costs. Not all growers are pleased with the prospect, however. A strong lobby has been mounted by greenhouse growers in southwestern Ontario who fear competition and perhaps relocation of the industry. And the fear larks that produce grown near nuclear plants may be affected by background radiation. The Pickering experiment was launched last March to test just their possibility and ease to the comforting

Greenhouse near Bruce nuclear station uses a tiny equals 10,000 pounds of tomatoes



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conclusion that a person would have to eat 36,000 pounds of tenues to take in radiation equal to that of one chest x-ray.

Meanwhile, tamable—and fascinating—evidence of the potential of waste heat can be found in the modest aquaculture project in New Brunswick. It is the first in Canada—and only the second in the continent—where fish are thriving in waste water from a coal-fired power plant. Normally fish don't feed or grow during the cold months. But in the tepid power-plant environment, fish are parking on the pounds. Trout, for example, needed from a collective weight of five tons last fall to 36 tons by mid-January. So fast was the growth that New Brunswick government biologist Bill Hooper and his colleagues had to begin removing some of the fish earlier than planned because of overcrowding.

To capitalize on cooling water that a New Brunswick Power coal-burning plant was returning to Grand Lake at 10° to 12°C in winter, the biologists first experimented by placing fish in submerged nylon-mesh pens near the warm water outlet. Then they reclaimed two nearby ponds and by last October had dropped in 36,000 brook trout and 36,000 salmon. It has cost the Canadian Electrical Association (a national organization of utilities) and several government departments and agencies just \$250,000 to establish and run the Grand Lake pilot project. Re-thinks the oft-spoken Hooper: "The future is absolutely outstanding for using waste heat from thermal plants to raise fish for both commercial and sports fisheries."

Some of the trout will be used to stock rivers and lakes. But others will be test-marketed and sales could help finance future projects. The salmon will be used to restock runs in two barren New Brunswick rivers and in a tiny of Family Aquaculture project which Hooper hopes will be a forerunner of many others. Another possibility: "If we can raise salmon in a shorter time than usual and sell them to commercial fishermen at very low cost," he says, "they can put them in pens and stock them as fast as farmers would broodstock." For Eastern Canadian commercial fishermen who have been barred from setting salmon since Ottawa imposed a ban in 1972 to preserve stocks, it is an attractive prospect.

Meanwhile, other Canadians can ponder what might become the proper conservation dinner for the 1980s: turn down the electric lights, get out the candles—and dine on fish and vegetables raised in greenhouses with water heated by energy that need to just drain away. ◇

Column

The pyramids, live and in color from Egypt (or maybe the CBC)

By Barbara Aronson

Ever think of what would happen if the CBC were given a whole country the run? This tantalizing thought occurred to me as I picked up a recent CBC memo. "Yesterday 15 pages of corrections to the Toronto internal telephone directory were distributed. Revised pages for the directory will be issued in the next future. The corrections, therefore, may be regarded as redundant."

The CBC is part of Canada's culture but, praise be, it isn't all of it. Egypt, from which I returned last month, is the case. The simple but illuminating fact has so far eluded most Egyptologists: Of course, one should not holiday in Cairo and complain because it isn't New York or Paris. When traveling anywhere I expect to be the one to make any necessary cultural adjustments—that's only fair. But it is an equally fair observation that, for better or worse, cultures are largely responsible for their own state of affairs.

It is an old Eastern cultural tradition that an official is better than a mere member of the public. It is a tradition of socialism that almost everybody is an official. Egypt is both Eastern and socialist.

Beate, a tremendously beautiful black woman from Atlanta, is spending her fifth day in Cairo without her luggage. Beate is not alone. Thirteen other members of her tour contingent have been trying in vain to dislodge their luggage from airport officials. They apparently have 15 of the 17 pieces of paper necessary in Egypt to enable you to your own possessions. The other fear are missing. I do not have a permit. They will retrieve their bags only on the day of their departure—after discreet payments.

Payments. On the drive to El Fayyum, an hour 60 miles southwest of Cairo, my taxi driver gets out his money, as he may well do, having charged me \$2 (about \$5.40 extra for driving a Mercedes). This fee was negotiated by—and eventually split with—the Tourist Police thoughtfully provided by the government to

protect rip-offs of foreigners. Anyway, the driver takes out his (my) money in order to give his cash to the soldiers. There are eight checkpoints between Cairo and El Fayyum through which all cars must pass for reasons known only to the Sphinx—or maybe the CBC. In the end the money is not required because at three of the checkpoints the soldiers are asleep. This, incidentally, indicates that security can hardly be the reason for the checkpoints' existence. On the way back to Cairo, by the light of the night desert sky, I saw six trucks full of



strangers parked at the checkpoints, and drivers and soldiers shouting at each other with gusto. Not surprising when I can't get past average gear for breakfast in this land of citrus groves. I understand.

There is a shortage of toilet paper in my hotel. The one roll extant is guarded by the chief attendant and her two assistants. One's not sure why two of the three are not engaged in the manufacture of toilet paper. All three are government employees and therefore officials. I am only a member of the public in need. My choices are (a) to be absent or (b) to use one of a means that I might need for retrieving my luggage, it being the type of paper for which there is never any shortage. Well, one might add, newspaper for the one opposition newspaper in Cairo, which is closed down this week.

When the phone actually rings in the office of Canada's commercial consul, Larry Dickenson, everyone is electrified. "I'd better take it," says Dickenson, interrupting the interview. "If

somebody actually got through it must be important." Thirty seconds into the conversation the man goes dead. "Well, at least we did talk," says Dickenson happily. This isn't the point, however. The point is the daily amounts in the government press prevent any news additions to the improved telephone service. It would probably be treason to print that the telephone service is less, possible by the withholding of your weekly ration of toilet paper.

If anybody were to conclude from this that I disliked Egypt, they would be wrong. They would be very wrong to think that. If the CBC were to run Canada, our version would be better. Far from it. Egypt is saved from an other totalitarian nightmare by the sense of humor, politeness and shrewd individualism of its hands-on and likable people. Canadians might not have all these sterling qualities to pit against. Head Office should we ever exchange the Rule of the Market for the Rule of Planning by Memo.

The sea of hostile shore life flowering in the desert. The German tourists have rented all the available blankets. The French watch the show from behind the glass windows of a nearby restaurant, sipping Pernod and murmuring, "Terrible!" Cleverest are the Japanese who arrive dressed in heavy overcoats and umbrellas.

I pay my admission and shiver. A kindly Arab leads me to an outdoor service lounge overlooking the show. It is warm and filled with comfortable chairs. Gratefully, I sit down.

"That's five pounds," says the Good Samaritan.

"No."

"Three pounds. I shake my head. "Two pounds and I guard you. Pyramids very old."

I go back outside into the freezing desert. It is only my second night in Egypt. My week later I would have given him his 500 pounds and we would both have been content.



The adoration of the Great Soul

GANDHI A MEMOIR
by William J. Shaw
(Penguin, \$18.95)

To say that a man is a saint is to offer a justification for not being more like him. Although William Shaw's affectionate memoir respectfully compares Mahatma (literally "Great Soul") Gandhi to Jesus Christ and to the martyred saints, it is Gandhi's splendidly successful human that emerges. Next to Gandhi, the man of infinite patience, can be seen Gandhi, the skilled negotiator, the trained lawyer, the politician, the economist, the union organizer and even the social engineer. Rescuing him from a mythol-

Gandhi in England, 1931. Shaw as young India correspondent, better than saintly



ogy that would present him as a spirit lifted beyond humanity, Shirer makes us see Gandhi as one of us who fulfilled his mortal potential by expanding ours. Shirer was the only American newspaper correspondent covering India when he met Gandhi in 1931. The young man of 32 quickly became a trusted friend of the 61-year-old Hindu leader. At the time Gandhi was struggling to wring concessions from the British while reinforcing his own group, the Congress Working Committee, that he was not making too many concessions. Shirer travelled with Gandhi for four

months, rejoicing him for the success of that same year in London where the Round Table negotiations occurred. In that brief time, Shirer came to admire him in a way "that at times bordered on adoration." Although he never saw Gandhi again, the last chapters of his book carry us through Gandhi's death in 1948 at the hand of a Hindu fanatic who thought he had sold Hindutva down the river.

The memoir form allows Shirer to escape the constraints of objectivity—so important to his work as an historian (*The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*)—

enabling him to approach the truth of Gandhi, a truth that would slip through colder fingers. As Shirer acknowledges, truth was Gandhi's law. (For this reason, his passing references about similarities to Socrates seem more apt than the constant comparisons with Jesus, despite Gandhi's communism, he remained a devoted Hindu.) His great teaching, self-poise, nonviolence, his centered not only as a political program but also as the truth. What was this truth? Truth to oneself, to one's ideals, certainly. But also the truth about the fundamental goodness of all people, held against strong evidence to the contrary, a truth he made true through nonviolence, and incarnate in the bloodied bodies of Indians who dared to believe in their oppressors' humanity. It is a difficult truth for, sadly, nonviolence as a political program is most necessary when it is unilateral. Shirer cites Gandhi's despair and the first prize winner of independent India, Jawaharlal Nehru, as saying that no one could ever write a "real life of Gandhi who was as big as Gandhi." Unlike other more academic works, Shirer's book does not attempt to explain how Gandhi got that way. Shirer, instead, is simple and dignified prose, makes Gandhi live for us once again. And this memoir he makes us mourn anew the Great Soul's passing.

David Weinberger

More cosmic than Mork's egg

CREATURES OF THE CHARGE
by John York Soud
Translated by John Gilisco
(McClelland and Stewart, \$12.95)

All the wars and all their planets rubbed together to be though assembled in time. Now he was the universe. The Male soprano? Any book published today containing statements like these is in trouble, not just because of their atomized sex-reeling but because their implicit area of inquiry is as a superhuman level. Although contemporary publishing generally slides away from anything more cosmic than Mark's egg, Canadian bookstore in both languages continues to name the Mother Nature hole of inspiration, and *Creatures of the Charge* (Us

dim observer in the original French, like Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing* and Marian Engel's *Bear*, traces the attempts of a man and a woman to "find themselves" by establishing relationships with Nature at its crucified heart. In fact, Jean Yves Soudy has thrown together all the time-honored ingredients of the Abominable Great Canadian Novel in the hopes that alchemical technology has advanced sufficiently to produce, finally, that elusive precious object. Mork, the powerful, brooding trapper, his quest, was Indian friend up the lake, referred to as "the Indian" until the last line of the novel. Margaret, the country schoolmarm who can't stand the rite, plays the fate tragically and descends her fumes for Mork and his far-extended shack by the lake.

Not signs of *Charge* know that Mork bliss were late, especially once spring when there's work to do ("This was not the time for love; it was the time for mankind"). So they fell away. Margaret supplements their carnivorous diet with vegetables ("Vegetables vegetables!" thought the Indian), then plants a garden and starts feeding reformed ward puppets ("This woman's going to want a kid soon. Christ, that's the last virtue?"). They fight, separate, she seduces and Mork's piddle off into the Northern Lights with the Indian, vowing never to trap again.

Overlaid descriptions, suggestive sentences, melodramatic plot, cliché, cliché, cliché. But somehow it all works because Soudy constantly certifies what could easily be just another folk myth with an incredibly detailed and effective realism which reassures

the validity of a world in which humans are essentially creatures like the rest. On the other hand, many readers will write this one off as just Ken Kesey in print—after all, Engel's heroine making love with a live bear—was fed enough, but equating with dead ones, well, really. When Mork's man his agent with black earth, breathes on it and imagines he is God creating the world, his meditations arise from the routine of his daily life in which he is a loner and, killing winter and whenever he pleases. Margaret tries to change him and succeeds, but

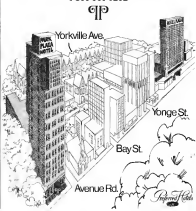
not in ways that she could foresee and then only by forfeiting her life. This is, in the end, a "male" novel; Margaret is sacrificed, in truly paternalistic fashion, at the altar of Mork's expanding consciousness. Writing about Nature is difficult, to philosophize about man and his relation to it by reinventing antiquated concepts might seem impossible, but this book, beautifully translated by John Gilisco, is far more successful than might have been expected from an author's first published novel.

Mark Cornfield

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MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Sunday's People*, Le Carré (1)
- 2 *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (1)
- 3 *Life Before Man*, Atwood (3)
- 4 *The Top of the Hill*, Shaw (3)
- 5 *Callisto*, Vonnegut (4)
- 6 *Princess Daisy*, Kincaid (5)
- 7 *The Stalked Women*, Paul
- 8 *Ballad*, Korman (3)
- 9 *Dead Zone*, King
- 10 *The Last Embarment*, Stewart (5)

NONFICTION

- 1 *And No Birds Sing*, Mowat (7)
- 2 *And Ernie's Gope Book*, Rockwell (3)
- 3 *The Goodbye Spoken*, Foster (3)
- 4 *James Earl Ray's Testament*, Herlihy (4)
- 5 *Who Killed Lygia Hagar?*, Fossell (7)
- 6 *Clamshell*, Truitt
- 7 *Clamshell Churchill*, Gorman (7)
- 8 *White Noise*, Yarr, Kinsler
- 9 *The Fourth Man*, Boyle (3)
- 10 *The Beltrami*, Woodward
- 11 *Woodward*, Armstrong (3)
- 12 *Poets of Desolation*, Camp

1 = First time on list

Taking a chance on being natural

BEING THERE
Directed by Neil LaBute

Chance, the hero of Jerry Seinfeld's absurdist novel *Being There*, isn't really a character but he's a convincing and charming literary conceit. His entire life has been spent absent from society except for a black maid and the Old Man who has so mysteriously kept him sequestered away, he doesn't know a tree and he has never stepped outside



and carrying an umbrella and an alligator valve. Seinfeld is a contemporary Chaplin, capturing the tone of the book. Hal Ashby (*Shampoo*, *Coming Home*) does a first-rate directing job. Still, for all its bonanza, *Being There* overstates its welcome by a hair. Seinfeld never does. This exquisitely modulated, little performance in Seinfeld at his most divinely comic, without a trace of Groucho's clabbering. The surprise of the new world registers and then melts in Seinfeld's eyes. "We're not in for from each other," says a Russian ambassador attempting to carry favor. "Yes," says Seinfeld after a pause, "our phrases are almost twinning."

Chance's bonanza and directness is forever interpreted as something else. "That's a very small room," he says while being a hauled out of his elevator. The boiler checks he's being whimsical. Read, with the perspective that only a dying man can have, is the only one to see that Chance has "the gift of being natural," and when Read dies, Chance's eyes well with tears. It's Chance's introduction to emotion, a painful birth. *Being There* is definitely worth seeing for that kind of poignant truth more than it is for its sharp, satirical stabs. And for Seinfeld, who too has the gift of being natural. It's one of the hardest things to have, one of the most useful literary tools.

Lawrence O'Toole

Making you scream, for art's sake

THE FOG
Directed by John Carpenter

The Fog creeps in as little phantasmagoric, catnip-like fun—and it means business! It sets in a haunted shrouded foggy town killed 100 years ago by the burghers of a sleepy California coastal town. Now they have returned to wreak revenge on their murderers' descendants. Is the fog moving through your open windows? Don't sleep your head out—once sleep of their deaths and you're toast meat. Do you have a knock in your door? Don't answer it—the ghosts will sit in your body what a *Quadrant* does to an eggplant.

The Fog is a fun, funny, scary ghost story that's sure to disappoint a lot of people who judge movies by how much sense the plot makes and how close the acting is to the Old VHS. In 1978, John Carpenter came out of the night with a \$300,000 horror movie called *Malfunction*, it went on to gross more than \$50 million and became a dollar-for-dollar, the most profitable picture ever. What do you do for an encore? Standard answer would be show Hollywood you're a class act by abandoning melodrama for something adult and humanist, like *Invincible* or *That Carpenter* is stick-

ing to "schlock" horror movies and, in doing so, has developed the sleekest, most intelligent visual style to emerge since Martin Scorsese made *Mean Streets*. What's exciting and sophisticated in Carpenter's movies are not the plots (they're plastic). It's the mastery of suspense, tracking shots in *Malfunction*, the suspense scene in his TV movie *Someone Is Watching Me*, of incredible editing in *The Fog*—all of which creates the mood that belongs to him and no other act.

Still you say, "If I want to see art, I'll go to a museum. I want to see a scary movie." So go see *The Fog*. And what makes you jump—when, say, a corpse falls onto the back of the heroine (Jamie Lee Curtis)—is part of what makes *The Fog* more than just an effective thriller. In the construction of his scenes, the composition of his shots, Carpenter plays against the cliché of the action film. The shock doesn't come when or where you expect it. (Scene Carpenter built around the Fog of falling into formula, grossing, "This time, the shock comes when you don't expect them.")

The evidence for John Carpenter's artistry is right there on the screen. Most moviegoers will be too scared to notice.

Richard Corliss

Curtis: missing bodies like a Guatemalan



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Renya is fighting for her life



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There are certain pure crystalline moments, altogether rare, when all that is fine and decent about being a Canadian is distilled against the sky. Such a one has come with the paper of the Canadian embassy in Tehran, explained by a CTV reporter, who should be thanked, telling his viewers that the six American hostages were smuggled out of Iran "disguised as Canadians."

One witness the first Yank-fake-Cannock, brazenly it past the airport checkpoint dropping off the terminal on snow-shoes, carrying a hockey stick, the gag of nuptial swag over his shoulder, yelling *How Many Would You Like*. There's nothing like being dishonest and standing out in the crowd. The postcard of a foreign noble as a Venetian nobleman, Kikaku or Inderhosen-dad takes player in a Munich beer hall. What distinguishes me in our unique character, spottable at 200 yards by any decent airline clerk.

This, any reasonable person would maintain, is the chief asset of the Iranian paper, despite the Tery claim that it turned Joe Clark in 24 hours into an instant statesman, somewhat à la Jeff Goldblum. If we can discover how one *Alles Folgerungen* is a *substitut* for the *177* *Mein* Service.

disguises itself as a Canadian, it has all been worthwhile and a petty election is mere small beer. There has been our sky belief that the real Canadian, as modelled in Madame Tussaud's, combined the sediments of Leonard Cohen with the grace of Jean Bérubé. Pierre Trudeau's ability to swear in both official languages blended with the surging of Karen Kain—all of it topped with the cultural pretence of a Harold Ballard. Perhaps we've been wrong? The roughy New Rock Times, which usually deals only with matters of ob-



United Nations statisticians have told us that Canadians (a) talk on the phone more than any other people, (b) use more energy than anyone else per capita, and (c) lead the world in joining organizations. This is basically fair, an image thrust before the world of a chilly gabber who seeks success in the Elks, Bunko, Mtn in the national drink, eye and ginger, and fits it with a satin bowling jacket with the name "Fred" embroidered on the shoulder patch and



you've learned the nation of Sir John A.

What else remains undiscovered, of our psyche? Something that any foreign traveller wandering through an Iran airport would detect? Well, there's the Canadian belief that Wayne and Shuster are funny, that Florida is an adequate substitute for Ottawa and that Toronto now possesses style. An anthropologist digging into our wadden nine centuries hence will come upon one

dence that we were ruled by tight-lipped Boats who took over our banks, our railways and newspaper headline-winning charts. In fact, our patron saints—as history will record—were Foster Hewitt (the new Toronto burned his genitals as script) and Charlotte Wharton ("A woman, to prove she is equal to a man, has to be twice as smart and twice as able. Fortunately, it's not hard").

Jimmy Carter, with his obnoxious grin attempting to prove he is the average American has appointed Muhammad Ali as an easy-to-carry mascot to support the Olympics. Who would Canada appoint? Maurice Richard, Winnipeg Billy Watson or Barbara Ann Scott? The outrage of the people we want to put on display—like O.J. Simpson—oubling the salaries in the NFL, is that they are not even in demand for Holy Wast T-shirts abroad? Pierre Berton's real value is not in saving old buildings but in relating to move to Los Angeles, like his old CBC inferiors, so as to write scripps at \$200,000 for stories that glorify ingrate Don American like a gun symbol, like a denture Clarkson. Who would represent Canada? The breakfast? Of course not. Who would want to?

The main joy of the Iran paper is not the sudden emergence of The Hawk in the High River or the belief in Dehghane that the most patriotic move of the year is to drink Canadian Club and listen to Rick Lantz imitating George Burns. It is that, at last, no Canadian can now go abroad with impunity. Recognition—here it comes, carboys.

When you want great taste, spell it out.



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